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Rose-Mount Castle.

CHAP. I

A JOYFUL MEETING.

LORD CLARANBRIDGE congratulated the ladies on their ſafe arrival, and welcomed them to Roſe-Mount, where he told them he hoped they would ſtay for the remainder of the ſummer. He gave his arm to the trembling Lady Malone; Dennis hung fondly on his other hand, becauſe, he ſaid, he would take him to his papa.

Villiers took charge of Miſs Forteſcue, and the ladies Claranbridge, Philippine, and Miſs Conolly, were the care of the two Mr. Delany's; leaving Lord Belair to gallant the charming widow.

The ancient grandeur of the building was not loſt upon Lady Malone; the romantic appearance of the caſtle ſeemed to correſpond with what ſhe had heard, with what ſhe expected; the whole was more like a dream than a reality. Dennis ſoon let go the hand of Lord Claranbridge, and ran playfully before them, till, without thinking, he entered the Hall.

The gloom of evening rendered it ſtill more dreary than before, the knights looked blacker, and the pillars more tremendous; terror again took poſſeſſion of his little heart; and not ſeeing Sir Dennis where he hoped to find him, he ſcreamed, Papa! Papa! with ſuch

ſuch a voice of agony, that if Lady Malone had not witneſſed his cauſeleſs fright, ſhe would have been greatly alarmed; his voice echoed through the caſtle. Sir Dennis ſtarted at the ſound, and with all a father's fears throbbing in his heart, ruſhed out of the room, dreading leſt ſome accident had befallen the child, or his mother. When he entered the Hall, he ſaw her endeavouring to pacify him; but Dennis, with his eyes turned to the ſpot where they had firſt met, ſtill connued calling, Papa; till, on ſeeing him, he exclaimed, with a cry of ecſtacy,

"Oh! there he is, there he is! let me go, Mamma, let me go!"

Sir Dennis, ſinking on one knee, received his almoſt fainting wife, ſupporting her with one arm, while the other claſped his ſon, who putting both his around their neck, kiſſed them alternately.

"What an intereſting picture," ſaid Lord Claranbridge, "will that groupe make!"

The careſſes of the child rouſed the parents from their trance of joy, and Lady Malone ſeeing the uneaſy poſture of Sir Dennis, gently withdrew from his embrace, but his ſon clinging faſt around his neck, he aroſe with him in his arms: what rapture glowed in the boſom of Lady Malone at this ſight! Her child no longer fatherleſs, in the arms of the huſband whoſe death ſhe had ſo long lamented,—her feelings were too exquiſite for words—Sir Dennis read them in her looks.

Not long after they were ſeated, their attention was caught by Dennis, who was playing on a piano forte, that happened to be open, the pathetic little air in the Heireſs,

"For tenderneſs form'd in life's early day."

He went through it with taſte and correctneſs, remembering every note, though the muſic

muſic was not there. The company heard him with delight and aſtoniſhment; Sir Dennis with rapture. "My dear Clara," he exclaimed, "how rich, how happy, you have made me; with what care you have watched over this mutual treaſure; you taught him to love my memory, to look forward to that moment when we ſhall meet in heaven, as to a period of bliſs; you familiariſed me to his mind, and by making him love my inanimate reſemblance, you have bleſt me with a ſon, whoſe affectionate ſoul expanded with filial tranſport at the firſt expreſſion of paternal tenderneſs; and, to the more eſſential beauties of the mind, you have added thoſe gay adornments, thoſe exterior graces, which are ſo attracting in ſociety, ſo amuſing in ſolitude."

"He will learn: he was a muſician before he could ſpeak. I uſed to play with him in my lap; he watched my fingers, and ſoon had

his favorite tunes. I was fearful of his playing by ear, and would not let him touch a key without pointing to the note, by which means he learnt the gamut before the alphabet; and he has often turned from the piano forte to the breaſt, for I ſuckled him till he was above two years old, and gone to ſleep as I played ſome ſoft air with one hand."

"Oh! Clara, what fiend has robbed me of ſix years' bliſs?"

"One, my Dennis, who is gone to anſwer for all his crimes. It will be painful for me to relate a melancholy, though ſhort hiſtory: that Dennis, in caſe of my death, ſhould not be a ſtranger to his parents, I have written a ſketch of my life, that, after you have read it to yourſelf, if you think proper, may be communicated to thoſe who have kindly intereſted themſelves for us, while I am giving

leſſons

leſſons to my ſon; for the father, dear as he is, muſt not make me neglect the child."

"I will ſhare that pleaſing taſk with my Clara. Bleſs me, I ſhall have ſo much buſineſs upon my hands, and ſhall feel myſelf ſo conſequential from being a mere cypher in the world, to be an huſband, and a father; to love and be beloved; what rapture! Nobody has loved me ſince I loſt you, my Clara."

"I thank heaven they did not, for then, perhaps, I ſhould have found you the huſband of another. I am ſure I ſhould not have blamed you, nor have been ſurpriſed. I could not have withdrawn my claim, upon my child's account; but, Oh! how I ſhould have loved and pitied the lady who had been a faithful wife to my Dennis, when he had loſt me."

"I fancy ſome fairy, or magician, a friend to us both, by art magic, made me appear

a frightful devil in the eyes of all the ladies, to preſerve me a true and faithful knight to my own lady, kept from me by enchantment: And, upon my ſoul, Clara, that ſame ſupernatural friend has made you perform a very eſſential taſk, enjoined me by this lady at an ancient feſtival the other evening, when I, like a gallant knight wore her colours; not with her leave though, for moſt luckily as it happens, ſhe is the moſt ſcornful beauty in the world; however, with the true ſpirit of chivalry, I bid her command my ſervice. She ordered me to ſearch the world for the fair Eliza, ſaying haughtily, that when, thro' my means, that lady was reſtored, ſhe would reward me with her thanks—nothing more than freezing thanks! Her heart muſt certainly be engaged, or ſhe could never have withſtood my dreſs and my fine ſpeeches. I cannot bear, my Clara, that you ſhould think

you

you have a huſband whom every body deſpiſes but yourſelf."

"Do not be uneaſy, Sir Dennis; we will ſay you made us all wear the willow by turns, rather than Lady Malone ſhall think we deſpiſe you."

"Nay, then ſhe will think I have been cruel, Lady Philippine; and that is a ſad blot in the character of a man of gallantry."

"I am ſure Miſs Conolly did me great honor when ſhe thought, though in joke, of ſending ſo noble a knight to ſearch for me."

"Miſs Forteſcue ſhould have been ſought for in earneſt, by one who only waited for her brother's permiſſion to begin his ſearch."

"I am heartily glad that my preſence has prevented ſuch knight errantry, for ſo inſignificant a damſel as Eliza Forteſcue. To you, Mr. Ponſonby, I am already ſeriouſly indebted for my life, that is, if it proves a happy

one; if I am deſtined to be miſerable, perhaps I ſhall hate you for the deed."

"What do I hear! Eliza talking of hatred and miſery, in a ſcene of love and happineſs?" ſaid the Marchioneſs.

"Amazing! — How was it, ſiſter? tell me?"

"I was only expreſſing my gratitude to Mr. Ponſonby, and the Marchioneſs overheard ſome of my words."

"You ſeem to have choſen very extraordinary ones, Eliza, to expreſs gratitude, hatred, miſery! How, in the name of propriety, could you introduce them? Ponſonby, did you underſtand this ſiſter of mine?"

"Perfectly, my Lord. Miſs Forteſcue ſaid, if her life proves miſerable, ſhe ſhall hate me for preſerving it."

"That will be very ungenerous, Eliza, unleſs Mr. Ponſonby himſelf renders it ſo."

"Dear

"Dear brother, how can you be ſo teazing." She bluſhed and was embarraſſed. "Come here, Dennis, and tell me, my love, will you go back to the ſhip."

"No, Ma'ſelle, I had rather live in this pretty houſe, and that good gentleman ſaid he would give us leave—will you, Sir? tell me again."

"Again and again, my darling I will tell you, that I am happy to have you here; I ſhall be very ſorry to part with you."

Dennis ran to him, and putting his arms about his neck, ſaid, "Oh! then we will never leave you, we will never make you ſorry, that will be ſo ill natured; and when my playthings are come out of the ſhip, you ſhall play with me, and let me divert you. I have got ſuch pretty things to ſhew you, and if you do not know how to play, I will ſhew you; I need not ſhew Papa, becauſe he knows.

Mamma told me ſo when I was very little; and I play at every thing to be like him. You ſhall ſee to-morrow, Papa, what I can do, and ſo ſhall all theſe gentlemen and ladies, if they pleaſe."

"You muſt now, my Dennis, with the permiſſion of Lady Claranbridge, retire to your apartment; it is long paſt your hour."

"Have I got rooms here, Mamma, like my own at Briançon?"

"You ſhall have every thing that you have been accuſtomed to, my love;" ſaid the Counteſs.

"I only want two rooms next to Mamma's; one for my chamber, and the other to play in."

"If I was not well acquainted with the accommodations of the caſtle, I ſhould bluſh at my ſon's requeſt."

"It

"It is certainly too encroaching for a child of his age; but it is what he has been uſed to have, and he anſwered Lady Claranbridge with ſincerity. Our Dennis has not learnt, as yet, to diſguiſe his wiſhes, from polite conſideration."

"I hope he never will while he is under my roof, as I only want to know, that I may gratify them."

Let Lady Malone arrange the ſuite of apartments, Sir Dennis, on what you call your ſide of the caſtle, as ſhe thinks proper."

"As I think proper, you ſhould ſay, my Lord: perhaps ſhe may chuſe to take them all to herſelf, and turn me out, and I will not conſent to that; I muſt not ſpoil her: therefore, Clara, you ſhall conſult me in this arrangement; for know, that I will be Lord of that part of the caſtle."

"Yes,

"Yes, to be ſure, that has been long your ſhare: Miſs Conolly, too, has another part of the caſtle: for you muſt know, Lady Malone, my uncle has four children; your Sir Dennis, Miſs Conolly, my brother, and myſelf; who, he ſays, may reſide in town and country under his roof. How his family increaſes! he has got a daughter-in-law and a grandſon."

"And I hope, Philippine, to ſee it increaſe ſtill more. I expect ſons-in-law, another daughter-in-law, and a little regiment of grand-children."

"Yes, uncle, by the time you have built another caſtle, as large as this, to put them into, or we ſhall be quite crowded."

"I am a true father now indeed, my child is gone to ſleep in my arms."

"I do not wonder, he was up early, and his ſpirits have had much to weary them; lay him

him down any where, he will ſleep till Madelaine fetches him."

"No, no, my life, I cannot part with him yet; it is the firſt time, my Clara, that he has been cradled in the arms of a father."

"How lovely he looks!" ſaid Lady Philippine, "his careleſs ringlets waving over his white forehead, and his long ſilken eyelaſhes lying on his roſy cheeks! what a dimpled chin and beautiful ſmiling mouth he has! I never obſerved a ſleeping child before: ſurely they cannot all look ſo handſome as this."

"O, no; for your uncle ſays this is like me."

"It is a pity he did: you were always vain, and now you will be ten times worſe."

"Dear Lady Philippine, do not mortify me before my wife."

"That will depend on your behaviour and her's; if ſhe ſpoils you, I muſt endeavour to correct you:—we ſhall ſee."

"So that between the kindneſs of the one and the ill-nature of the other, I am to be made a perfect creature. Do not laugh and awaken my boy."

"No, good Hector, I will not diſturb your Aſtyanax."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

INSTRUCTION RENDERED AN AMUSEMENT.

EARLY in the morning Villiers beheld from his windows, little Dennis, attended by a ſervant of his father's, flying along in a robe de chambre, towards a river in the ſouth garden, and throwing his gown upon the graſs, he leaped into it, and ſwam a conſiderable time with great ſkill: when he came out he ran about the green ſo ſwift and light that the graſs ſcarce bent beneath his feet; he then rubbed

rubbed himſelf with towels the man had for the purpoſe, and dreſſed himſelf without aſſiſtance. Villiers joined him as he was examining the ſtatues, and found, with aſtoniſhment, that he was perfectly acquainted with mythology; and on taking him up into the rooms, the pictures wanted no explanation; his remarks were juſt; he deſpiſed the bad characters, he reverenced the good.

"And how came you at this early age to be ſo perfect a ſcholar in hiſtory, ancient, modern, and ſacred? you are a proficient in all."

"It has been my prettieſt play: as ſoon as I was born, I believe, my Mamma ſhewed me my pictures, and read to me about them; for you know I could always ſee and hear, long before I knew how to read the ſtories myſelf, or turn my globe, and find the countries with my ſilver pen. Beaſt, birds, fiſhes,

and

and insects, is another of my plays: I can tell Mamma their names, and the nature of them: my flowers grew in the garden, and I knew them first of all; and my bees in the glass hives, I loved them, they eat and drank out of my flowers, and then went home and made nice honey for Dennis. Were they not very good? Oh! I see Papa and Mamma in the garden; let us go to them, if you please, Sir."

De Rousillon complimented Sir Dennis and Lady Malone on the uncommon knowledge of their son.

"Other children, my Lord, have equal abilities, and could as easily learn what would improve their minds, as my own, if instruction was rendered an amusement. All children love to look at pictures; from those, properly arranged and described, history becomes familiar to them, their feelings are exerted, their

their intereſt engaged for every object they behold; it is a laſting ſource of entertainment, and conſequently never tires.

" Plants and flowers are as eaſily named as looked at. Thus, from the firſt dawn of reaſon, inſtruction may be ſought after with as much avidity as infantine ſports, and thoſe various trifles in which children are generally ſuffered to waſte their firſt years; no child remembers how he firſt learnt to ſpeak; he acquired it by habit, and by habit he can acquire, with equal facility, every thing elſe. Dennis undoubtedly has made a greater progreſs in his little ſtudies, from my having no other employment or amuſement but himſelf; I read ſenſe and expreſſion in his earlieſt ſmiles, and I was determined to ſhew my gratitude to the Almighty, for bleſſing me with a rational being, by always treating him like one. My plan has ſucceeded, as you ſee,

and

and has been as eaſy and pleaſing to myſelf as it has to him. Yet let me not arrogate all merit to myſelf: I have read every author who has treated on education, and have gleaned from each ſomething which has aſſiſted my endeavours, particularly from the Letters on Educaction, by Madame Sillery."

"But what an excellent ſwimmer he is! did your Ladyſhip teach him to be that?"

"Yes; ſhe taught him to ſwim before he was born, from her conſtant habit of bathing; I do not wonder he is an amphibious being; I am myſelf very fond of ſwimming: what ſort of an horſeman is he? he ought to be an expert one, for you taught him that too before he was born."

"You ſhall ſee, if you can procure him a well-managed poney."

"There is one that my uncle intends for little Carty, juſt brought into good order; the

the accoutrements are all ready; we will have him out in the Park, or Riding-houſe, after breakfaſt."

"He will be an acquiſition to us indeed, my Lord; but the poor little fellow has laid out in his mind an exhibition of his plays, which I ſuppoſe muſt take place firſt: he thinks ſtrangers muſt pay the ſame attention to him that I do."

"I ſhould think they had very depraved or ſtupid minds, who could not be diverted with that child, who is ſo ſenſible and yet ſo truly infantine."

"Dennis has not been among children, and knows not that he has any advantage over them; he ſuppoſes they all play as he does. It is an idea of ſuperiority that renders children vain and pragmatical, if with great ſlavery and cloſe application they happen to excel

excel others of the ſame age. Dennis has ſeen a dog bring him the cards he aſked for, point out the hour, and perform ſeveral other ſenſible things; a bear dance, a monkey go through the manual exerciſe, an automaton play cheſs, a bullfinch fire off a ſmall cannon, he heard it alſo whiſtle tunes correctly; parrots he has often heard ſing, perfect both in tune and words; when he was four years old he heard a child of three play on the organ better than he could; and another of five on the harp in public; when he, at the ſame age, was making his firſt attempt on that inſtrument. What then had Dennis to be vain of? And I entreat that he may not be made ſo now, by praiſes to which he has hitherto been a ſtranger."

While they were talking, the little ſubject of their converſation diverted himſelf with various

various feats of agility, that proved he had been equally accuſtomed to the exerciſes of the body as to thoſe of the mind, and he entered the breakfaſt room paying his reſpects to thoſe who were aſſembled in it, with unembarraſſed politeneſs.

The Marchioneſs and Miſs Forteſcue rejoiced to ſee that black no longer clouded the perſon, nor melancholy the features of Lady Malone.

Ponſonby beheld, with partial eyes, the fair ſiſter of his friend; her charms, now in their full perfection, were not, he thought, inferior to Miſs Conolly's; ſhe poſſeſſed alſo her captivating gentleneſs, her refinement of ſoul, and above all, an heart long attached to himſelf; for the bluſhing confuſion with which ſhe firſt met him, and ſeveral little expreſſive inadvertencies, convinced him that he was ſtill dear to her: now more keenly than

than ever did he ſuffer in the reflection that his thoughtleſs conduct had thrown a blot on his character, never to be eraſed; nor could the lenity of his friends, who laughed at it as a youthful pique againſt the world, make it appear leſs glaring in his own eyes; he ſaw its enormity, and never could forgive himſelf.

Lord Belair ſeeing him very grave, partly gueſſed the cauſe, and ſaid,

"My dear Ponſonby I am going to-morrow morning to an eſtate I have near Foreſt Hill, which I never viſit without indulging myſelf as long as I can with the converſation of the amiable Mr. Freeman. I have a great deal of news to tell him this time; the good man will be happy to hear that I have found my deareſt friend in Mr. Ponſonby."

"Will you do me the favor, my Lord, to repeat my invitation? Tell them that Lady

Claranbridge and myſelf ſhall think ourſelves happy in ſeeing them ſoon at Roſe-Mount Caſtle."

"Your Lordſhip knows the very high ſenſe of gratitude I feel for Mr. Freeman, and his excellent lady; they behaved to me like parents, and I love and reverence them as a ſon."

"I am well acquainted with your heart, and will give expreſſion to its feelings."

"How long ſhall you ſtay, brother, at Rock Grove?"

"I propoſe to ſet out early, and return in the evening: I have written to my ſteward, therefore my buſineſs will not detain me long."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE VISIT.

WHEN breakfaſt was over, Lord Claranbridge ſaid,

"A young man in company promiſed to let us play with him this morning. I hope he will perform that promiſe: I feel myſelf very idle, play will juſt ſuit me."

"Am I idle when I play, Mamma?"

"I hope not my love. We play, my Lord, to keep us out of idleneſs: if you will invite all the company to your room, Dennis, I think Madelaine will have made it ready to receive us."

"Will you take the trouble? will you be ſo kind as to come and ſee me in my room?"

"I anſwer in the name of all: we ſhall be happy to attend you," ſaid Lord Claranbridge.

The delighted Dennis went flying before them till they entered the ſtudy of a youth at College, not the baby-houſe of a child. His books were nicely arranged, implements for writing and drawing lay on the table, with port folio's, containing a regular and intereſting ſeries of cuts, from the various parts of Hiſtory; bows and arrows, guns and ſwords, all ſuited to his ſize, were hung up over a piano forte, near which ſtood a ſmall but elegant harp.

The firſt thing he aſked for was a gun: he ſaluted Sir Dennis as his officer, ſaying, "Command me, Papa:" and after going through

through the exerciſe with ſerious exactneſs, he ſaid, with a ſigh,

"I ſaw a poor monkey play at this as well as I do, for all he was not a little boy like me: now you ſhall ſee me fence."

He belted on his little ſword, and convinced them that he knew how to manage it with grace and dexterity, and was perfect in the terms as well as the attitudes.

Then, ſitting on a ſtool, he tuned his harp, and ſung the pretty Air from Richard Cœur de Lion,

"The merry dance I dearly love."

firſt in Engliſh, then in French; he was captivating in both, they ſeemed compoſed for his voice, and written to diſplay his archneſs and ſimplicity: he now put away his harp, and opening the piano forte, he played and ſung from the Follies of a Day,

"Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart."

When he had finiſhed his ſong, he ſaid,

"I will ſhew you the reſt of my plays ſome rainy morning, when you cannot walk out—now, if you pleaſe, we will look at the poney; this gentleman ſaid I ſhould ſee it after breakfaſt; but I would not be in a hurry becauſe that is troubleſome, and as I promiſed laſt night to ſhew you my plays, I was afraid you would be ſorry if I diſappointed you; and Dennis will never make any body ſorry."

"Excellent!" ſaid Lord Claranbridge; "this is an oblique leſſon for you, Villers."

"It was not loſt upon me, my Lord, I underſtand it perfectly."

"But will you not let Mamma play to us?" aſked Miſs Connolly, who longed to hear the inſtructreſs of ſuch a pupil.

"Mamma never plays with ſwords or guns; they are not fit for ladies: good Captain Riviere did not ſhew Mamma to play with

with them, only me: Lewis took me every day to the Captain, to play with him."

"Where, my Clara, did you leave that brave old man and his valuable wife, ſafe, I hope from the tumults of civil war; they are not of an age to encounter difficulties; have they found an aſylum?"

"Sometime before we left Briançon, a brother of Madame Riviere's ſent for them to Switzerland, and I had the pleaſure to hear that after an eaſy journey, ſhe was once more cradled in her native vale, in which ſhe hopes Captain Riviere will experience that peace and happineſs his own country at preſent denies him, and flatters herſelf the extreme beauty of the valley, and the kindneſs of its honeſt inhabitants, will ſoon reconcile him to his ſituation, though he is not partial to that ſide of the Alps."

"I ſhall fancy I ſee the worthy pair taking their evening walk, whenever I think of ſome lines in a Poem, to which I am very partial."

"You will greatly oblige me, Miſs Connolly, by repeating them."

"On as we move, a ſofter proſpect opes,
"Calm huts, and lawns between, and ſylvan ſlopes;
"While miſts, ſuſpended on th' expiring gale,
"Moveleſs o'erhang the deep ſecluded vale,
"The beams of evening, ſlipping ſoft between,
"Light up of tranquil joy a ſober ſcene;
"Winding its dark-green wood, and emerald glade,
"The ſtill vale lengthens underneath the ſhade;
"While in ſoft gloom the ſcattering bowers recede,
"Green dewy lights adorn the freſhen'd mead,
"Where ſolitary forms illumin'd ſtray
"Turning with quiet touch the valley's hay,
"On the low brown-wood huts delighted ſleep
"Along the brighten'd gloom repoſing deep;
"While paſtoral pipes and ſtreams the landſcape lull,
"And bells of paſſing mules that tinkle dull;
"In ſolemn ſhapes before th' admiring eye
"Dilated hung the miſty pines on high,

"Huge

"Huge convent domes, with pinnacles and tow'rs,
"And antique caſtles ſeen thro' drizzling ſhow'rs."*

"They are indeed very deſcriptive, and were written, I believe on the very ſpot, for I have been there, where my friends have fixed their abode, the brown wood huts, the lawns, the bowers, and the more majeſtic proſpect they look up to. Dennis ſhall walk with them in imagination, by impreſſing this picture of their delightful vale on his memory."

"Your Ladyſhip ſhall have the Poem, and you will find theſe lines, though applicable to the preſent diſcourſe, were not quoted as the moſt beautiful."

"Oh! no," ſaid Villiers, "there are a few, *too few* devoted to your neighbouring Chartreuſe, which ſo expreſſively, ſo ſublimely repreſent the paſt and preſent ſtate of that

* Deſcriptive Sketches taken during a pedeſtrian Tour in the Italian, Griſon, Swiſs and Savoyard Alps, by W. Wordſworth, B. A.

convent; it is impoſſible to read them without ſighing with the author,

"At hoary Chartreuſe's doom.'i

"I never was partial to monaſtic ſecluſion, and have often grieved that ſo many of my fellow creatures were rendered, either from religious, or, which is too frequently the caſe, worldly motives, uſeleſs to community, and unhappy in themſelves: for, can any but thoſe who are miſled by blind ſuperſtition, imagine gloomy ſequeſtration from the relative duties of life, and the bleſſings of ſociety, is acceptable to the Almighty, or agreeable to a chearful and reaſonable being? Yet, whoever can read the pages I allude to, without feeling a ſacred horror at the contraſted fate of that venerable building, has a heart more inſenſible than the rocks which ſhelter it."

"And

"And here is one who, I believe, thinks your's is as flinty, when you can ſtand making a long preachment, while he could exclaim with Richard,

"A horſe, a horſe, my kingdom for a horſe."

"No, Lady Philippine, he was very wicked and impatient; Dennis will never be like him. I had rather be poor King Edward, or little York, though they were ſmothered, for they were good, and went to heaven, and found their own dear papa; and now Dennis has found his."

He ran to him, kiſſed his hand, and hugged it in his boſom. Sir Dennis took him up, and told him, in a whiſper, that he would take him to ſee his horſe immediately.

When they came to the riding-houſe, Dennis was delighted with the poney, and gave proofs of his ſkill in horſemanſhip.

"See, Papa, I can manage him; may I ride out, and will you and Mamma ride with me?"

"Yes, my darling, yes, I will ride with my boy and my Clara: ladies will you make a party?"

"Have you got the better of your fears, Eliza?"

"Indeed, my dear brother, I do not know; I have not rid ſince my accident."

"If you will venture, Miſs Forteſcue, you ſhall have my mare," ſaid the Counteſs; "ſhe is ſober and well bred, a child may manage her."

"And Ponſonby is here to take care of you: I ſhall leave you to him, my ſiſter, he is an approved protector."

"Will you, Miſs Forteſcue honor me ſo highly? Will you condeſcend to truſt yourſelf to my care?"

"I

"I ſhould be very ungrateful, Mr. Ponſonby, if I could let cowardice deſtroy confidence; therefore, if I do not deprive the company of the ſociety of Lady Claranbridge, I will accept of her Ladyſhip's offer."

"I ſhould not ride if you declined it, as I have ſome affairs to ſettle this morning with my domeſtics."

Lord Claranbridge piqued himſelf on having a finer breed of horſes than any gentleman in Ireland: and Lady Malone gratified him very much by the praiſes ſhe beſtowed on the one ſhe rode, and on the beautiful little creature, who ſeemed ſo proudly to carry her ſon.

"I am extremely glad they meſit your Ladyſhip's approbation, as I only waited to hear how you liked them before I entreated you to give me leave to preſent yourſelf and

my

my little friend Dennis, with what you grace ſo well. I have the twin brother of the poney, and he ſhall be put into training for Carty: my promiſe is ſacred: beſides it would be unjuſt to take from the poor to give to the rich."

During the ride Lady Philippine obſerved with pleaſure, that Lord Belair paid great attention to the Marchioneſs, and appeared delighted with her truly enchanting manners, ſhe determined therefore to let Miſs Forteſcue know the real ſtate of her affections, that his Lordſhip might transfer his in an early and honorable manner to ſo deſerving a lady, who, perhaps, would not accept of his heart, if ſhe knew it had been refuſed by one every way her inferior, ſuch at leaſt was Lady Philippine's humble opinion of herſelf: in that of others ſhe was known to be more regularly

regularly beautiful, and not leſs captivating, than the brilliant Marchioneſs, when the ſpirits nature had bleſt her with were not clouded by the death of relations, or the abſence of Fitzroy."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

KINDNESS TO DOMESTICS WELL REQUITED.

AS they were ſitting after dinner, Lord Claranbridge aſked the Marchioneſs, how ſhe managed to ſecure herſelf in the moſt fatal period of the revolution.

"By my ſervants being democrats, my Lord: they aſſembled around me, and promiſed to guard my life if I would not contradict them, declaring, that as I had made their ſervitude eaſy and happy, they would not only protect me, but engage the National

tional Convention in my behalf. Neceſſity had no law, as I valued my head I was forced to be compliable, and had the good fortune to find they were ſincere.

"The Convention ſent me word, that if I would appear in the hall, and confirm what my ſervants had told them, they would grant every indulgence I required.

"I made my appearance accordingly, ſurrounded by my faithful domeſtics. A gentleman whom I recollected to have been an intimate friend of my huſband's met me, and leading me to the preſident, ſaid, 'Brother Citizen, this lady is the widow of a man who lives in his writings; we all honor the memory of Delatourelle; hear what ſhe has to ſay in her behalf.

"As near I as can remember I ſpoke thus:

"Fellow Citizens, I am not politician enough to know whether I ought to blame you

you for plunging my country into an abyſs of miſery and confuſion, or to applaud you for emancipating her from the trammels of deſpotiſm; I hope the latter: as yet, your own hearts muſt ſhudder at the violent effects of the remedy, however ſalutary it may prove in the end.

"I am not come here to ſolicit you to ſpare my life; it is not of conſequence ſufficient for me to wiſh it lengthened: but, fellow citizens, my honor is engaged to reſtore a young lady of Ireland to her family: I brought her here to recover her health, in the ſalubrious air of our, then, peaceful country; let me have the ſatisfaction of reſtoring her ſafe, and perfectly re-eſtabliſhed? It is all I aſk, except that I may not be deemed an emigrant; force me not to live in a foreign land.

"My

"My eſtate in Paris, on which I have a noble chateau, ſuperbly furniſhed, I voluntarily give to my country. I have a ſmall villa at Briançon, to which, with your permiſſion, I will retire, with the lady who I have under my care. I confide in you, as men of honor, for protection: I leave you to conſider what I have ſaid, and hope you will give me an anſwer to-morrow, favorable to my wiſhes. Theſe are the writings of the eſtate, this a ſchedule of all which the chateau contains."

The preſident received them graciouſly, telling me, that I ſhould hear from him the next day about that hour; and I made my reverence to retire amidſt a tumult of applauſe.

"Vive Delatourelle! — Vive la bonne Citoyenne!

"Ecchoed

"Echoed around me till I got into my carriage: and happy was poor Eliza when ſhe ſaw me return ſafe.

"The next day the preſident waited on me at the appointed hour, and after thanking me for my patriotic gift, in the name of the Convention, gave me all the protections and paſſports that I could poſſibly ſtand in need of, from Paris to Briançon, and from thence to Bourdeaux, where I purpoſed to take ſhipping. He ſpoke with enthuſiaſtic rapture of the philoſophical principles of my huſband, and complimented me on the republican ſpirit of my ſervants. To both I owe my preſent ſafety—to a man, whom living I hated, for the very principles that preſerved my life; and to ſervants whom, without any preſentiment of danger, I had bound by gratitude to protect me: they all lived with the Marquis

when

when I married him, and at his death finding my fortune ſufficient to retain them, I thought it would be cruel to turn any of them away. Thus they were all with me, and gratefully united in the determination to preſerve *my* life, becauſe I had rendered *theirs* comfortable.

"As the carriage waited to take us to Briançon, the ſervant who was to go with us, told me he had a great favor to beg, which was to take a young man, a relation, along with me in his ſtead: he told me, that this man having been wounded and impriſoned by the patriots, had taken a great diſlike to the glorious cauſe of Liberty, and wiſhed to go to Ireland, where he had been before; that he underſtood travelling, and could ſpeak Engliſh as fluently as French, and that he would anſwer for his fidelity.

"He

"He introduced the man, whoſe left arm was in a ſling, his appearance was extremely prepoſſeſſing, and on hearing that he had lived with the Duke De Rouſillon, and wanted to go to a part of that nobleman's family who were in Ireland, I engaged him immediately, and during our journeys and voyage we have found Monſieur Rondelle ſo intelligent and managing, that we have bleſt the minute that Laval recommended him to us.

"Four of the National Guards rid with us to the firſt town where we changed horſes, and there gave us into the charge of four others, and ſo on to Briançon, where, on ſhewing my paper to the municipal officer, he ordered centinels to each door of my villa, during the time of my reſidence there; the diſagreeable thought of being priſoners was

baniſhed by the pleaſing one of ſecurity; my ſervants there were of the ſame principles as thoſe at Paris, and behaved very friendly to the guards, and Rondelle knew the conſequence of concealing his thoughts. We ſtaid very quietly all the winter, and in ſpring removed to Bourdeaux, accompanied by Lady Malone and her ſon, Rondelle, and three female ſervants; there, ſecured by my protections, we waited much longer than I expected for a veſſel that would make for Ireland without trafficking at other places: at laſt we found a captain who conſented to confine his commerce that voyage to Limeric, and let us have the whole cabin. We furniſhed his ſhip with all conveniencies, made the beds comfortable, and the cabin a decent room: Lady Malone bought a piano forte, and had it fixed properly; the harp we brought from Briançon, ſo that with all our pretty plays we made

made our long voyage tolerably pleaſant, yet were truly rejoiced to ſee the white towers of Roſe-Mount Caſtle, and much more ſo to meet its amiable inhabitants, particularly the Duke De Rouſillon and Sir Dennis Malone, who had been ſlain by *falſe report*.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE DESCRIBED.

"MY dear lady, I am greatly obliged to you for this little narrative: and I moſt ſincerely hope that I ſhall live to ſee you happier in a ſecond marriage than you were in your firſt."

"Oh! by all the charms of eaſe and liberty, my dear Lord Claranbridge, do not talk of any thing ſo horrible as a ſecond marriage! it has been a theme equally deteſtable to Lady Malone and myſelf:—To her, becauſe ſhe had been bleſt with the man of her

choice, who was a kind agreeable huſband; to me, becauſe I had been miſerable with a man who was the very reverſe of what my heart would have choſen.

"The Marquis Delatourelle had been a profeſſed courtier in the latter days of Louis the fifteenth, and was a very great favorite with the old Monarch; nor did his death make any alteration in the diſpoſition of the Marquis, whoſe influence increaſed rather than diminiſhed in the court of our late unfortunate ſovereign for ſome years, till his Majeſty, by giving a marked preference to one or two new favorites, by following their advice, and contemning that of the Marquis, in ſomething he thought very conſequential to the welfare of the kingdom, mortified and diſguſted him ſo much, that he immediately withdrew from a court in which he found he had loſt his power, and where he could no

longer be looked up to as the diſpenſer of royal favor: exaſperated at a behaviour he thought both unjuſt and ungrateful, he became a very Caſſius, and openly avowed himſelf an enemy to one who had ſlighted him as a friend.

"Titled and rich, though old and moroſe, he made propoſals to my father for me, becauſe that father's intereſt was very great, and he hoped by marrying his only daughter to bring him over to his own opinion. My father not only, like too many more, rejoiced to add wealth to wealth, and title to title, but knowing that the preſent diſpoſition of the Marquis was inimical to the court, and that if he continued in it he might prove a dangerous enemy, flattered himſelf, that by accepting him for a ſon-in-law, he ſhould once more engage him in the intereſt of his ſovereign: thus, without having a negative voice,

I became a wretched victim to political arts, which did not ſucceed.

"Equally proud, equally firm in their principles, my huſband and father never met without diſagreeing; and I leave you to gueſs how very miſerable thoſe diſagreements made me.

"I found the Marquis gloomy and contemptuous in his manners, arbitrary and unalterable in his commands; for which, however ſtrange and ſudden, he would never condeſcend to give a reaſon.

"He would never ſuffer me to go to court, nor to public amuſements, nor let me viſit my father, or any of my former friends; and if ever I had company at home, he would ſtay among them, on purpoſe to diſguſt them by his rude contradictory behaviour, that they might never come again. Yet he wiſhed me to dreſs with taſte and ſplendor. If I was not

adorned

adorned by dinner, as if I was going to a full dreſſed aſſembly, he would find fault: but when I appeared before him in all the elegance of faſhion, he never looked pleaſed. Could I have ſeen him chearful, could I have made him ſmile with pleaſure, inſtead of contempt, I might have been eaſy—but that was impoſſible.

"Yet this man was very learned; elegant and perſpicuous in his writings, nervous and graceful in his oratory, a profound politician, and a convincing reaſoner in the philoſophy he choſe to defend, or rather to promote; and I believe in the general opinion of the world he was every thing that was great and good.

"I only found him ſo when oppreſſed merit, or pining want, ſolicited relief: a tale of miſery was never conſidered as an interruption to his ſtudies;—the unfortunate had free acceſs, and he liſtened calmly to the

ſimple prolixity of ignorance: he adviſed with kindneſs, and he relieved with liberality. He often ſaid to me, 'Victoire, we have a large fortune, let us not turn the poor from our gate; let us do more, let us ſeek the children of wretchedneſs; give without fear, your purſe ſhall be repleniſhed; never ſcruple to repreſent the ſcenes of diſtreſs which may occur to you, for what you cannot accompliſh I will.'

"On this theme he would hear me with complacency, and coincide with my opinion! And theſe were the only moments in which I loved the Marquis Delatourelle; and I have frequently kiſſed the hand that ſo liberally indulged my benevolence; but the man who felt the tendereſt compaſſion for all that were in adverſity, received my kiſs of gratitude with the moſt repelling coldneſs.

"At

"At the death of my father this capricious huſband diſdained to put on mourning, and it was with the greateſt difficulty that I could perſuade him to let me wear it; and when at laſt he conſented, he ordered me to go to his villa at Briançon, and ſtay there out of his ſight till I choſe to leave it off.

"I had lived there about two months in the moſt retired manner, when an expreſs arrived to inform me that the Marquis was dangerouſly ill. I ſet out immediately, and found him ſenſible: he received me with kindneſs, and rather apologiſed for the ſeverity of his behaviour to me:—his laſt words were, 'Victoire, I ſhall leave you immenſely rich, be a faithful guardian to yourſelf, and a beneficent friend to the poor.'

"I had flattered myſelf, that as my father was much younger than the Marquis, I ſhould have had him for an adviſer and pro-

teſtor in the firſt years of my widowhood: to be left to myſelf appeared dreadful to me.

"The late Lord Belair had been my father's moſt intimate friend. We had ſpent ſome time with him in Ireland, not long before my marriage, when I became greatly attached to Miſs Forteſcue. As my Lord was too ill to come to me, I arranged my affairs according to his advice, and came to Ireland. But, alas! death followed me, and robbed me of that truly amiable and ſenſible friend, in a ſhort time after I arrived here, and I was once more left to my own guidance, for his ſon was unfortunately too young to be my guardian, though he was Eliza's. Oh! how ſincerely have I wiſhed myſelf his ſiſter!—However, let me do him the juſtice to ſay, that though he looks like a young man, I found he could adviſe like an old one. The ſpirit of his good father ſeemed to ſpeak

to

't me through him, and he recommended me to the ableſt negociator in Paris, and gave me his dear ſiſter for a companion, with whom I returned to France, determining to ſhare my time between this Iſland and the Continent, when I had diſpoſed of ſome eſtates, and ſettled all my pecuniary affairs properly.

"This was no ſooner done than the French politics began to wear a threatening aſpect. Through the aſſiſtance of my worthy negociator I conveyed all my ſpecie to the bank of Ireland, and my beſt jewels, with thoſe of Eliza's, to Lord Belair. The produce of my eſtates at Paris and Briançon being more than ſufficient to enable me to ſupport my accuſtomed manner of living; and Miſs Forteſcue and I lived very comfortable till the fatal Auguſt."

"The Marquis was a ſtrange compoſition," ſaid Lord Claranbridge. "In his earlier days, perhaps, he had been agreeable. A man, when diſguſted with the world, particularly one who after ſpending the prime of his life in the ſervice of King or ſtate, has the mortification of ſeeing others leſs able than himſelf, careſſed and rewarded, while he, no longer the reigning idol, is ungratefully diſcarded, often becomes diſcontented and ſaturnine. That was the caſe with the Marquis. His heart grew invulnerable to every gentle paſſion except charity, which was the baſis of a ſyſtem of philoſophy he endeavored to introduce, *that* ſtrengthening and dilating with his years, eradicated every virtue but itſelf: had he grown a miſer you muſt have been far more unhappy."

"Oh! certainly — I was very ſenſible of that. He gave me the felicity of rendering others

others happy, though he would not let me have the ſatisfaction of making him ſo; yet I endeavoured to pleaſe him, and grieved when I found it was not in my power. Even the abodes of poverty were many of them cheered by domeſtic ſmiles, while I dwelt in gloomy ſtate! I felt myſelf poorer than the pooreſt wretch whom I relieved—my title had annihilated happineſs—my riches could only purchaſe bleſſings for myſelf, by giving neceſſaries to ſtrangers: they bleſſed me, they prayed for a continuance of my felicity!—I thanked them with tears!—Yet one conſolation I ever had, and even now it bleſſes me: I never was deficient in my duty either as a daughter, or as a wife."

"You will be rewarded, my dear lady; you will be rewarded, unleſs my countrymen are ſtupid, or you more hard hearted than

I think you are; — is it a hard heart, Miſs Forteſcue? you muſt know."

"I will not pretend to ſay, my Lord, whether it is compoſed of wax or adamant; I only know that it is guarded by, not haughty, but playful indifference, that turns the moſt ſerious paſſion into ridicule, mocks a ſigh, and laughs at a tear! I have no hopes of her amendment—ſhe is a perfect Beatrice, and finds a fault in every man ſhe looks at."

"Oh! that is nothing! Ladies often conceal their real ſentiments by that playfulneſs. Are not you of my opinion, Philippine?"

"Entirely, my Lord; it is our uſual method: I believe the Marchioneſs will not deny it."

"I will not be ſo rude as to contradict you, my arch lady; but I muſt aſſure you that I am an exception at preſent, and moſt devoutly hope to continue ſo."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

MY dear Lady Camira, you are remarkably grave to-day, I hope the contents of Lord Clonwell's letter do not diſpleaſe you?"

"Indeed, my Lord, they do."

"What mean you, my dear Lady? Can a father's wiſh to ſee his daughter happy be diſpleaſing?"

"He ſhould give me time, my Lord, to conſider whether his propoſals can make me ſo."

"I

"I hope you have no reaſon to doubt it, Lady Camira. Villiers, why are you ſilent on this topic?"

"I am a ſtranger, my Lord, as yet, to the purport of Lord Clonwell's letters."

"You, Lady Claranbridge, are not—will you think me too unreaſonable, will you think me diſobedient, to requeſt a little longer time?"

"Surely not, my love, if you wiſh it."

"Will your Ladyſhip have the goodneſs to write for me to my father? He will be guided by you;—do not let me be precipitated into ——Oh! Lady Claranbridge, delay my fate, and ſcreen from my father's anger!"

Her voice faultered, ſhe covered her face with her handkercheif, and ſobs agitated her boſom. When ſhe returned from her ride, ſhe had received a laconic note from Lord Clonwell, to the following purport.

DEAR

DEAR CAM.

"I ſhall return to Roſe-Mount in a few days, with the lawyers. Conſult with Lady C—— about cloaths for an immediate appearance; when you are married and come to town, you may make what addition you pleaſe, but you ſhall not appear in Dublin till the marriage is over; for which, and this expedition I have very particular reaſons; therefore expect that you will cheerfully comply with the wiſhes of

Your affectionate father,

CLONWELL."

This letter, and the hiſtory of the Marchioneſs, had quite overcome her. Lord Claranbridge

Claranbridge was ſorry to ſee her ſo diſtreſſed, and vexed at her requeſting a delay; yet he ſtrove to joke with her, and ſaid,

"I underſtand you, Lady Camira: theſe are pretty little female tricks to increaſe your conſequence: they are very becoming, and I believe neceſſary arts; we muſt indulge you in them for one month longer."

"Let no time be ſtipulated, my Lord, for I never will accept a hand without a heart; and I moſt ſincerely hope that Lady Camira Belville will never be compelled to give the one without the other."

"You talk like your ſiſter, fooliſhly romantic: I have not patience with you, Villiers."

His Lordſhip left the room pettiſhly: Lady Claranbridge followed, ſaying,

"I conjure you, my dear De Rouſillon, not to vex your uncle."

Auguſtus

Auguſtus now endeavoured to ſooth his beloved couſin, who knowing the friendly party was not acquainted with the diſagreeable predicament ſhe was in, communicated her father's peremptory letter.

"And now," ſaid ſhe ſolemnly, taking the hand of Auguſtus, "I call on all who are preſent to witneſs that my vows of unalterable love are plighted to Auguſtus Delany; and no force, no perſuaſions, ſhall ever oblige me to falſify what my father's approbation once ſanctified."

A ſervant now entered, ſaying, Lord and Lady Claranbridge begged the favor of their company in the weſtern hall.

They all immediately obeyed the ſummons, and were ſurpriſed to hear the organ of the chapel playing, but much more ſo to ſee my Lord converſing with the prieſts in their full canonicals.

His

His Lordſhip met them, ſaying,

"I have places in my gift at preſent, and am going to nominate all the maids and bachelors."

As he ſpoke Claude Rondelle appeared, leading Cecile Latour, in a muſlin robe, white ſaſh, the picture of Claude hanging conſpicuous on her boſom, from a gold chain inſtead of a black ribbon, and her dark hair falling in becoming ringlets from a turban of fine net, taſtefully made up, ſet off to great advantage her complexion, which though not fair, is clear and good, her features are ſenſible and animated, and her perſon genteel. Claude has an expreſſive manly countenance, a good figure, and is always neat and faſhionable in his dreſs.

They were followed by all the domeſtics, in their beſt cloaths: the females, every one, were in white, with bouquets of roſes and myrtle

myrtle, and white gloves: two neat girls brought baſkets to the company, containing gloves and bouquets, with which when they were ſupplied, Lord Claranbridge took Cecile's hand, telling the ladies, Philippine and Camira to follow as chief bride maids, Louiſa and Miſs Forteſcue next, then the ladies Claranbridge and Malone. and laſt, becauſe widows, the Marchioneſs and Lady Emily; immediately after them Claude Rondelle, between the Duke De Rouſillon and Lord Bellair, followed by Ponſonby and Auguſtus, Sir Dennis Malone, his ſon, and Doctor Delany; then came the ſervants in pairs, according to their ſtations. Thus marſhalled by Lord Claranbridge, the proceſſion entered the chapel: he preſented the bride to Rondelle, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the venerable Mr. Maxwell, after which ſuitable anthems were ſung, and Mr. Archer

aſcending

aſcending the pulpit, which he ever graced with the moſt elegant oratory, gave them a ſhort but excellent diſcourſe on the duties of the ſtate they had juſt entered into, concluding it with a fervent prayer for their happineſs; another anthem was ſung, and the organ played till the proceſſion quitted the hall.

"My dear aunt, what an agreeable ſurpriſe you have given to us! and ſo you contrived all this without my aſſiſtance?"

"Yes, my Philippine, you told me how I could make a worthy couple happy, and you ſee I was determined not to have unneceſſary delays: life is ſhort at beſt, and ſhould be made the moſt of, eſpecially after the uneaſineſs they have ſuffered. Your uncle was in the ſecret, and enjoyed my plan. It was to arrange this buſineſs that I ſtaid at home in the morning, and now we muſt endeavour

to

to render the caſtle a comfortable home to thoſe faithful creatures whoſe affectionate attachment to Villiers and you makes them prefer ſerving you both in their uſual capacities, to a genteel independence that my Lord offered them."

"I am greatly indebted to Monſieur Rondelle; he ſhall not find me ungrateful for the care he has taken of ſix females and a child; it was no trifling charge for one man."

"We muſt ſhare the obligations, my dear Marchioneſs, three of the party belong to me, my wife, ſon, and their Madelaine ſhall not be unmindful of his care."

"And I ſhall reward him on the behalf of my ſiſter and her damſel; he protected and aſſiſted all; we will make his fortune among us."

"No, no, my Lord: Claude Rondelle takes a pleaſure in doing good, he partly taught

taught me to do the ſame; his fortune muſt be my care; a nuptial gift is all he will or ought to accept, from any other perſon in company; that gratification I will not deny to your generoſity and his deſerts."

"Pray, Lord Claranbridge, call this nephew of yours to order; he wants to circumſcribe our wiſhes, and fetter our hands; pray call him to order, for I know that every act of a grateful heart is privileged at Roſe-Mount Caſtle."

"Privileged within certain reſtrictions, my dear Marchioneſs, my nephew knows the rules of the houſe; juſtice preſides over our rewards, and checks them when they approximate to prodigality; we have many claimants, and are bound to be juſt to all."

"I am anſwered, my Lord, and will not tranſgreſs ſuch excellent rules. My Lord De

De Rouſillon, I beg your pardon for calling you to order, when it was myſelf who erred."

Villiers bowed, and giving her his hand, ſaid,

"I am commiſſioned by my aunt to conduct your Ladyſhip."

"Where, my Lord?"

"I do not know: Lady Claranbridge will lead the way."

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

HAPPINESS THE MORE PERFECT FROM ITS DIFFUSION.

THEY followed Lord and Lady Claranbridge to the muſic-room, which was illuminated, and a ſmall band for dancing in the orcheſtre; the joyous domeſtics were all aſſembled, with many families whoſe little manſions of felicity adorned the environs of Roſe-Mount.

Two ſets were formed for country dances, and the muſic playing Alley Croaker, Lord

Claranbridge ſaid, they muſt all dance at Cecile's wedding, and giving the Counteſs to Doctor Delany, took Lady Emily for his own partner, telling the young ones to pair as they liked.

Lady Philippine matched them according to her own fancy; the Marchioneſs and Lord Belair, Lady Camira and Auguſtus, Miſs Forteſcue and Ponſonby, Lady Malone and De Rouſillon, Louiſa and Sir Dennis, reſerving for herſelf little Dennis, who was all animation.

Diſtinction was laid aſide, and they went down ſeveral dances with each ſet alternately, nor were beauty and the graces partial in their favors; eaſe had been acquired by practice; for this healthful and innocent amuſement was greatly encouraged by Lord and Lady Claranbridge, who delighted to ſee the banks of the Shannon enlivened by the merry

dance, in which all their domeſtics that could be ſpared had leave to join; and when the weather would not permit them to dance on the green, their own halls echoed to the ſprightly ſounds.

When the timidity natural to modeſt merit in the preſence of their ſuperiors, was baniſhed by the eaſy freedom of the noble ſet, and the inſpiration of lively muſic, they changed partners, De Rouſillon danced with the bride, Philippine with the bridegroom, Louiſa with her foſter brother, James O' Donnel; in ſhort, every one honored ſome valuable domeſtic, or reſpectable viſitor, with their hand, and the evening flew imperceptibly, while pleaſure ſmiled on every face, and content harmonized every heart.

While the Marchioneſs was reſting herſelf, ſhe ſaid to Miſs Forteſcue,

" Dennis

"Dennis I am ſure was right in calling this place, heaven, I am ſure it is like it:—Here the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary have reſt: the rich and the poor meet together, and tears are wiped away from all eyes; and here, I may add, the dead revive again. I never was ſo happy in my life; all is new, all is enchanting to me, ſince I came in ſight of the Iriſh coaſt!"

"Lady Malone and I can ſay the ſame."

"Can you, my pretty Eliza? Are then the ſighs and tears all left in France?"

"I hope ſo. I have no deſire to re-aſſume them. Am I not returned to my brother?"

"To be ſure you are; and, like a good ſiſter, you love him better than all the world, and yet he never ſaved your life."

Eliza bluſhed, the Marchioneſs laughed.

"And did the naughty man ſteal the heart out of the fair form that he preſerved, and

keep it ever ſince? No wonder you love your brother better."

"Than whom may I take the liberty of aſking?" ſaid Ponſonby, joining them,

"Than every body," replied Miſs Forteſcue haſtily, "have I not reaſon?"

"Certainly. No brother can deſerve a ſiſter's love more than your's; you know not the extent of his affection for you, Miſs Forteſcue; his uneaſineſs at not hearing from you; I ſaw it, you can only be told of it."

"For heaven's ſake, Lord Belair, come and relieve me, or I ſhall be abſolutely ſtifled with your praiſes," ſaid the Marchioneſs to his Lordſhip, whom ſhe ſaw approaching, "this friend and ſiſter of yours are ſtriving to outvie each other in ſaying fine things of you, and as I do not know whether you poſſeſs them, it is quite ſurfeiting. Pray give me a glaſs of lemonade or I ſhall choak.

No—

No—ſtay—a little air will be more reviving, I will take a turn in the garden."

Lord Belair gave her his hand; Eliza and Ponſonby kept their ſeats.

"Oh! how you will be extolled," ſaid the Marchioneſs laughing, "Miſs cannot praiſe the gentleman, becauſe ſhe is a lady; nor the gentleman her, becauſe he is too diffident: ſo all the pretty things they are dying to ſay to each other will be laviſhed on you."

"I muſt, in return, endeavour to make them happy; through Lady Philippine, or Miſs Conolly we muſt try to learn the real ſentiments of Charles Ponſonby in regard to Eliza, if he loves her."—

"Believe me, my Lord, there is no if in the caſe: You did not meet her with half the tranſport that he did. The firſt impulſe was unguarded, he ſoon corrected himſelf; his expreſſions he can govern, but read his

eyes, my Lord, they are my oracles; exert your penetration, and you will be ſoon convinced of the ardor of his affections."

"Between his humility and Eliza's delicacy, they will refine away their happineſs without coming to an ecclairciſſement, if I do not make ſome advances to him, for I muſt make the advances or I ſhall not have Ponſonby for a brother-in-law."

"What a bleſſing it is to have a brother upon theſe nice occaſions. Now if I was unfortunately to like ſome poor pretty fellow, I muſt make him one of my beſt courteſies, and ſay, 'Pray, Sir will you accept of a lively widow, with a good fortune?"

"There are many rich ones who would moſt joyfully anſwer *yes* to ſuch a queſtion."

"Oh! you know I need not ſpeak firſt to them, they can have confidence ſufficient to ſpeak for themſelves. I feel the air rather cold

cold, I will return to the room and go down a dance to warm me."

They joined the dancers, and Lord Claranbridge and his party did not leave the room till one o'clock, when he desired those who were to quit the castle to let the sun light them home.

CHAP. VIII.

FAMILY SKETCHES FROM A MOTHER TO HER SON BEGAN.

WHEN the party were all aſſembled except Lord Belair, who had ſet out for Rock Grove early, Sir Dennis ſaid, "I cannot read Clara's hiſtory before you, Lady Philippine, nor indeed ought I before any body."

"I will leave you to ſettle that point, and go to my ſon, whom I ſee playing in the garden; when you have finiſhed my ſketches I will obey your ſummons, till then I devote myſelf to his ſtudies."

Lady

Lady Malone left the room, and Sir Dennis gave the manuſcript to Lady Philippine, ſaying,

"The writing is very legible, ſome good creature muſt read it for me, and ſpare me the ſhameful taſk of ſounding my own praiſe."

"O we will make allowance for a very young lady's firſt love; we will let her

——"Cut you out in little ſtars,
"And think you'll make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
"That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
"And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun."

"See there now! ſhe is making game of me already: upon my ſoul, Lady Philippine, I will not read it myſelf, and do not laugh the next time you behold the hero of Clara's novel; I cannot help her odd taſte you know. I will ride with the Marchioneſs and Miſs Forteſcue, who are well acquainted with the hiſtory."

"He

"I beg your pardon, Sir Dennis, we know very little, and I can anſwer for Miſs Forteſcue as well as myſelf, that we cannot be more charmingly engaged than by hearing a regular arrangement of the bits we have heard ſeparately."

"Adieu then, I will go and hear Dennis play over his leſſons; remember I am not one degree vainer."

"Heaven forbid you ſhould: now a contented mind has rendered the goblet of Bacchus taſteleſs to you, do not turn a Narciſſus, and be for ever gazing in the mirror; leave that character to the inſipid petittes poupeés, les garçons mignards, who not content with adjuſting their cravats at every glaſs in the drawing-room, throw themſelves on a ſofa, fix their inſenſible eyes on the clocks of their ſtockings, while they draw a ſuperb caſe deliberately from their pocket, containing a miniature of ſome fair lady on

one

one ſide, and on the other a mirror, gaze on the lady, and exclaim, with a ſigh, "Ah! mia cara!" while their eyes wander to the other ſide as they finiſh the exclamation with "Bel Idol mio."

"No, no, my pretty actreſs: Hercules may wield the diſtaff, but ſcorns the pocket-glaſs; ſo, once more remember

"Though by my Clara I'm allow'd
The wonder of my kind;
I am not of her judgment proud,
Whom love has rendered blind."

He bowed and quitted the room, repeating thoſe lines.

"Very well, he has excelled me in a quotation, and has tranſpoſed the old ſong better than I did Juliet's ſpeech; this, Clara, will make the man a wit."

"Give the paper to Mr. Ponſonby, Philippine, he will be ſo obliging as to read it to

us,

us; I know he can do juſtice to Lady Malone's words."

Ponſonby, humbly bowing, took the manuſcript, and began as follows.

"Family ſketches neceſſary for my ſon to be acquainted with in caſe of my death."

"Your grandfather, my dear child, was the Baron Durval, of an ancient family in France; he married, when he was very young, a lady of birth and fortune equal to his own; ſhe brought him one ſon, but died ſoon after his birth. The Baron was inconſolable, and devoted all his time to the little pledge of love ſhe had left him, whom he could not bear ſhould be a moment out of his ſight, leſt thoſe who had the care of him, ſhould vex or contradict him, nor could this fond father think of giving a mother-in-law to his darling, till ſpoiled by unlimitted indulgence, he grew up ſelfiſh and headſtrong, ungratefully

forſaking

forſaking the company of a father, who loved him to a fault, for a ſet of diſſipated youths, whoſe ſociety was his deſtructi n.

"Juſt before he had attained his twentieth year, his neglected father ſtill in the prime of life, beheld the beautiful and amiable Clara Dillon, an orphan, of a noble family in Ireland, who having ſome relations in France, ſpent her time between the two kingdoms. The Baron was charmed with the converſation of Miſs Dillon, and found her company ſoothed the uneaſineſs he felt on account of his ſon, and he ſoon made propoſals which were too advantageous for her friends to refuſe, and though he was many years older than herſelf, Clara preferred him to all the men ſhe had ſeen; the Baron hurried the marriage, that his ſon, who was at college, might not hear of it till it was over.

"Immediately

"Immediately after the ceremony was performed, they set out for Briançon; and in the house you well know, the young Baroness though accustomed to the gay scenes of Paris, thought herself happy in the society of a husband who grew every day more dear to her, and she longed to see the son of a man so beloved, already feeling for him the affection of a mother.

"But Mr. Durval no sooner heard of the marriage, than he thought himself deceived and ill used by his father; and looked upon the Baroness, whose fortune was not considerable, as a designing woman, who had imposed on the Baron to acquire riches and a title, and when they met he behaved so extremely disrespectful to them both, that his father was obliged to forbid him the house. Pleased with the dismission, he flew back to Paris, and his gay associates, ran in debt to

a large amount, and gave the Baron the moſt ſerious uneaſineſs by the atrocity of his conduct.

"When they returned to Paris for the winter, they did all that was poſſible to render their houſe an agreeable and lively home to Mr. Durval; but all was in vain, for my birth unfortunately made him ſtill more ſullen and diſcontented, and ſtrengthened his hatred of the Baroneſs, who had brought another claimant to a fortune he thought inſufficient for himſelf alone; however, luckily for him, I was the only one who ſurvived out of ſeven children that my mother had.

"My father was obliged to retrench his own expences, to ſupply his ſon, who continued for ſome years unſettled and extravagant, and the ſeeing him increaſe in folly and ill nature as he did in years, gave the Baron ſuch heart-felt uneaſineſs, that it ſoured his temper and impaired his health.

"Mr. Durval, when he ſaw his father in a ſtate from which there was no probability of his recovering, intirely altered his behaviour; he grew civil to my mother, and kind to me; he aſſured the Baron that he had ſeen his error, and would abandon his diſſipated companions; that he moſt ſincerely repented the having cauſed ſo much anxiety to ſo good a father, who ſhould for the future ſee him every thing that was prudent and dutiful.

"This unexpected change had ſuch an effect on my father, that for ſome time he was apparently much better: but, alas! he did not long enjoy the reclaimation of his prodigal; his diſorders returned in a few months, and took him from us in the fifty-ſixth year of his age, leaving me in my thirteenth.

"My brother behaved with the greateſt affection and propriety on this ſolemn occaſion, and was indeed a comforter to the afflicted

flicted. When the will was opened my mother found her jointure far above what ſhe had a right to expect. My father had added the intereſt to her fortune ever ſince they were married, and doubled the whole amount for me, with the addition of the eſtate at Briançon, at the death of my mother, whom he particularly requeſted to mind, that it was his deſire, that on my marriage with her conſent, the whole of my fortune ſhould be ſettled on myſelf, with the reverſion of the principal to my younger children in equal ſhares; or, if I died unmarried, to my brother's; but the whole to revert to himſelf in default of iſſue: he was left ſole executor and truſtee to this will, as a mark how ſincerely his father had forgiven his former conduct.

"My mother was rather ſurpriſed, and fearful, leſt his repentance ſhould have been only aſſumed to impoſe upon my father, in order

order to have all power in his own hands: ſhe wiſhed that another executor had been appointed, whoſe prudence might have been a check to my brother in caſe he ſhould return to his former gaieties. She however concealed her uneaſineſs, and when the funeral was over, preſented him with a caſket of jewels which had been his mother's, telling him, that as ſhe never intended to wear ſuch ornaments again, ſhe hoped he would ſoon find ſome amiable woman, who would grace both them and his title, and render his life compleatly happy. The Baron took them, and ſaid, if he did not marry they ſhould be his ſiſter's. He parted with us very affectionately when we quitted Paris, and promiſed to viſit us often.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

CONTINUATION.

"MELANCHOLY was our return to Briançon. We were never there without my father, and every thing we looked at reminded us of him. Time at length reſtored my mother's tranquillity. The Baron was exact in his payments, though he ſeldom viſited us.

"When my education was compleated we ſpent part of a winter with my brother at Paris: he had repeatedly requeſted my mother to let me partake of the amuſements of the

the Metropolis, and ſhe feared to offend him by a continued refuſal; but ſhe by no means approved of the company he introduced us to: the women were careleſs in their conduct, and the men too much addicted to gaming: ſhe obſerved they played very deep at his houſe, and the late hours he kept when he went out, added to the chagrin of his temper ſome mornings, and the flighty gaiety of it on others, convinced her that it was the fortune of the night which regulated his diſpoſition.

"He propoſed ſeveral matches for me; but I could not love, or the Baroneſs approve of any one whom he mentioned. She ſolicited him very much to make a tour with us to Switzerland and Italy, but he excuſed himſelf; and we paſſing through Champaigne and part of the French Compte, entered Switzerland, where we ſtaid ſome time,

particularly

particularly with an intimate friend of my mother's, at Geneva, who had married an eminent merchant of that place.

"They had a houſe delightfully ſituated on the borders of the lake; the Baroneſs had promiſed to reſide with them for a month, for the ſake of having Mr. and Mrs. Melvin's company through Italy. Mr. Melvin was a very ſenſible intelligent man; and his wife ſo extremely like the Baroneſs Durval, that they might have been taken for ſiſters: the ſame kingdom gave them birth, the ſame ſchool educated them, and I have heard my mother ſay, that the firſt ſerious affliction ſhe ever had was her friend's marriage, as it cauſed a ſeparation ſhe was not prepared for.

"The ſecond morning after we arrived there, Mr. Melvin ſaid,

'This

'This is the day on which our young Baronet ſaid he would return, I hope he will keep his word, as he will be an agreeable addition to our ſociety."

"He is a countryman of ours, my dear Baroneſs, and I aſſure you does honor to Ireland; his banker recommended him to Mr. Melvin, as a perſon in whom he might confide for the moſt friendly advice during his ſtay in this part of the world: he entered the army very young, and has got leave to make the tour of Switzerland and Italy.

'He is at one of our colleges now, and his are the viſits of obſervation, not ſimple curioſity. I expect great pleaſure in his company through Italy, for he is no ſuperficial traveller; he has ſtudied the liberal arts, and is a great admirer of the beauties of nature, and with a refined taſte he poſſeſſes the moſt ſolid judgment.'

"My

"My mother, with a natural partiality to her native country, heard the encomiums Mr. Melvin beſtowed on a native of it with extreme pleaſure, and wiſhed much to behold their expected gueſt, whom we met as we were taking a walk before dinner.

"He was on horſeback, and a finer equeſtrian figure I never beheld: the ride had diſordered his light hair, that waved over his fine forehead; the glow of health animated his manly expreſſive features, and when Mrs. Melvin introduced him as Sir Dennis Malone, the character I had heard of him added to his captivating exterior, made me feel a mixture of pleaſure and confuſion I had never before experienced.

"He gave his horſe to the ſervant, and walked with us. His addreſs was eaſy and elegant, and his converſation ſenſible and entertaining; he gave us an account of all that

he had ſeen, and when we got home read us many curious extracts: beſides a perfect knowledge of the dead languages, he wrote and ſpoke with equal facility Engliſh, French and Italian; in the latter he took great pains to improve me, during the month we ſtaid at Geneva, that I might have the more pleaſure in our tour, by being able to converſe fluently in that language.

"Oh! memory, faithful memory, how do you ſanctify every ſpot on which I have converſed with my Dennis! Beautiful lake, in whoſe boſom I have gazed on his reflected form, when my timid eyes feared to look up at him leſt they ſhould betray the tender emotions of my heart! Even now that heart bounds with tranſport at thy name: and ſtill more dear, more ſacred is thy fountain, Vacluſe, for there with the enthuſiaſm of a lover he invoked the ſpirit of Petarch to witneſs that

that he would ever love me with a paſſion, as conſtant as his for Laura: there too he implored my mother to approve his vows, and permit me to promiſe, that I would be his on our return to Briançon: ſhe conſented, ſhe joined our hands, and called the Melvins to prove, in caſe of her death, that the reciprocal promiſe was ratified by her full approbation.

"At every ſhrine in Italy he had whiſpered vows of love to me, and behaved throughout the whole tour ſo attentively affectionate to the Baroneſs, that he had gained her entire eſteem.

"On our return we viſited Genoa, where we ſtaid ſome time, and the weather being very calm and fine, we took ſhipping at the gulph and landed at Toulon, where we reſted a few days, and then paſſed on to Aix, Arles, and Montpelier; paid our viſit to Vacluſe;

and, after ſtaying a week at Avignon, re-croſſed the Rhine, and took the ſhorteſt way to Briançon; from whence my mother wrote immediately to Baron Durval, to inform him of Sir Dennis Malone's propoſal, and to entreat him, if poſſible, to come to Briançon. To which letter ſhe ſoon received a very diſagreeable anſwer. He told her, that he was very much ſurpriſed at her writing to him on the ſubject of my marriage, after ſo recent and peremptory a refuſal to give her conſent to every one he had propoſed for me, when I was in Paris: that as I was a native of France, and the child of his father, he would never be acceſſary to my ruin, nor let me diſgrace myſelf by marrying a foreigner, ſome Iriſh adventurer, who, becauſe he was her countryman, he ſuppoſed had impoſed on my mother, who, if ſhe ever wiſhed him to acknowledge me as a ſiſter, muſt never marry me

me to any foreigner, let his rank or fortune be ever ſo alluring.

"This letter gave us great affliction, as we wiſhed to keep upon good terms with the Baron. Sir Dennis ſuppoſing that it did not ſuit him to pay my fortune, was very deſirous of giving it up, and convincing my brother, by ſuch a proceeding, that his views were entirely diſintereſted; but my mother inſiſted on my father's will being adhered to with exactneſs, as ſhe looked upon herſelf as truſtee for me and mine. Settlements were drawn up accordingly, and our marriage was public; Mr. and Mrs. Melvin, and moſt of the principal people of Briançon, were preſent.

"My mother promiſed to go with us to Ireland, as ſoon as my brother had ſhewn himſelf worthy the truſt my father had repoſed in him, by coming to an honorable ſettlement with Sir Dennis.

CHAP. X.

CONTINUATION.

MY mother again wrote to the Baron, telling him, that if it did not ſuit him to come to Briançon, we ſhould all be at Paris in about a month. Sir Dennis and I both wrote kindly to him, that he might have nothing to take exception at on our ſide; and in little more than a week, to our great ſurpriſe, Baron Durval was announced.

"I was alarmed almoſt to fainting. Your dear father caught me in his boſom, and aſ-

ſured

ſured me, that he would command his temper for my ſake, and avoid, if poſſible, every diſagreeable altercation with my brother. This recovered me, and I was delighted to ſee the Baron enter cheerfully: he held out his hand, ſaying,

'See, Clara, what a good brother you have: though you married like a naughty ſiſter, without my leave, I am come to wiſh you joy.'

"He ſaluted me and my mother affectionately, and turning to your father, ſaid,

'I hope, Sir, that you will forgive my partiality to my countrymen; I own I did not like my ſiſter ſhould marry a foreigner, but it is over, and I flatter myſelf that you will reconcile me to your nation, by making her happy.'

"My brother ſpoke French, and Sir Dennis

anſwered him fluently as a native, in the ſame language.

"Affection, my Lord, was the ſole motive for my marrying Miſs Clara Durval, and that affection will inſure her happineſs, as Lady Malone; when I give her cauſe to think ſhe is indifferent to me, deſpiſe me; till then I flatter myſelf you will eſteem me as a brother, though not my native."

"One would think you was," ſaid the Baron ſmiling, "you ſpeak the language ſo well: while you talk thus I muſt ſuppoſe you a Frenchman, and have no regrets."

"My brother ſtaid with us near a month, and grew every day more attached to your father, who found an entertaining companion in the Baron; for to a competent knowledge of the Belles Lettres, he added a brilliancy of converſation generally poſſeſſed by men of faſhion,

faſhion, who keep the gayeſt, if not the beſt company.

"As my mother was indiſpoſed, we could not return with him to Paris; but promiſed, when ſhe was able to bear the journey, to pay him a viſit; till when all arrangements in regard to my fortune was poſtponed.

"But, alas! the Baroneſs grew worſe daily, and I could not prevail on my beloved Dennis to go to Paris without me; together therefore we watched over the beſt of parents, who bore her illneſs with the calmeſt fortitude, telling me often, that ſhe felt no pang in the thought of a ſpeedy diſſolution, as ſhe had the happineſs of leaving me protected by the beſt of huſbands.

"As her illneſs continued for ſome months, my brother had viſited her ſeveral times, and behaved with extreme tenderneſs; he entreated Sir Dennis to give him notice, if poſ-

ſible, when he thought the awful change was approaching, that he might pay her every attention due from a ſon to a mother.

"His requeſt was complied with, and he came time enough to receive her laſt bleſſing. Both Sir Dennis and the Baron wanted me to leave the houſe immediately; had I been ſingle I ſhould not have left it, and with ſuch a tender friend, ſuch a ſenſible comforter, who had himſelf no objection to ſtay under the ſame roof with the ſacred remains of her, whom when ſhe was alive, he reverenced and loved, I felt no more than I ſhould have done had they conveyed me to another kingdom, where I ſhould ſtill have miſſed my mother, though the ſcene was changed.

"Sir Dennis indulged my grief, and as my ſituation required tranquillity, he did not oppoſe my inclination to ſtay at Briançon. He

ſtayed

ſtayed with me till his honor rendered all further delays impoſſible; he returned to Ireland without me, as the illneſs and death of my mother prevented me from accompanying him when I might have undertaken the voyage with ſafety.

"Our parting was ſevere but neceſſary; and as he was to return in a very ſhort time to fetch me, I ſummoned all my reſolution, and conſidering that, though a ſoldier, he was not now called to the field of battle, I took leave of him with a firmneſs which, alas! intirely deſerted me when he was no longer in my ſight.

"He continued bleſſing me with the moſt tender proofs of his love by every poſt, till you, my Dennis, were born: my brother was at Briançon, and wrote immediately to your dear father. When I was able to leave my chamber, your uncle ſat with me frequently,

and delighted me extremely by the careſſes he beſtowed upon my darling: he prolonged his viſit much beyond his uſual time, and amuſed himſelf with learning Engliſh; he read it very well, and tranſlated ſeveral of your father's letters, and ſome he had left with me, written by Lord Claranbridge before and ſince our marriage, into French, and made me correct the errors. At length he grew weary of his new ſtudy, ſpoke little, and often regarded us with a profound melancholy. I concluded a run of ill luck had embarraſſed his circumſtances for a while, and that, though he choſe to reſide with me to retrieve, he did not like the confinement from pleaſures he was accuſtomed to enjoy, and was not uneaſy at the change I perceived; till one morning at breakfaſt he ſaid,

'Siſter, I am going to Paris; take care of yourſelf,

yourſelf, and of that dear infant; I will ſee you again in a week or two.'

'Dear brother, why are you ſo uncommonly grave? may I not know the cauſe of this extreme uneaſineſs? place a confidence in me; let me ſoothe, if I cannot relieve you, my brother.'

'Clara, it is not for myſelf, but—I cannot tell you; ſpare me, my ſiſter, Madelaine will give you what I dare not—farewell, remember you have a child.'

'Oh! my God! and have I not a huſband? Stay, Baron Durval, dear brother, ſtay.'

"I followed him, he had got into the chaiſe, and was out of my ſight in a minute. I returned to the breakfaſt-room; you were aſleep upon a couch; I hung over you in ſilent agony; my tears fell faſt on your face: without my ringing, Madelaine entered with a packet in her hand, on which was a large

black ſeal; ſhe laid it on the table without ſpeaking. I looked at the ſeal as it lay, it was the arms and coronet of Lord Claran-bridge. I dared not take it into my hand. At laſt, after gazing on it as if I was reading the melancholy contents without unfolding it, I haſtily ſnatched it up, and read theſe words:

'MADAM,

'It is with the ſincereſt affliction I inform you, that Sir Dennis Malone has been torn from us by a fever, the progreſs of which was ſo rapid, that it gave him no time to ſettle his affairs, being delirious during the few days of his illneſs.

'He had made a will before he left Ireland, to which I am ſole executor; but, to my great ſurpriſe, I find his eſtate embarraſſed, and no account whatever of ready money; if the

young

young Sir Dennis is ſpared to us, I hope to diſentangle the eſtate by the time he is ten years old, and enable him to re-imburſe all the expences you will have been at on his account from his birth till that period, when I ſhall alſo be enabled to fix a jointure on you ſuitable to your rank, as the widow of Sir Dennis Malone, if you chooſe to live in Ireland with your ſon from that time: was I to do that now, it would ſtill increaſe the incumbrances on an eſtate which calls for the moſt rigid economy and prudent exertion to extricate it: if, therefore, you can live at Briançon within your own income, and maintain your child for the years I have mentioned, you will convince me of your regard to the father, by prudently acquieſcing to my plan for the future honor and welfare of his ſon; of whoſe birth I am ſorry I cannot wiſh you joy without calling forth your tears for the loſs

of

of an excellent huſband, for whom no one could have a greater regard than,

Dear Madam,

Yours and the young Baronet's

Moſt ſincere friend,

CLARANBRIDGE."

"Curſe him," ſaid the Earl, ſtarting up in a paſſion, "what a vile forgery! — Infamous wretch!"

"The man is dead, do not curſe him, my dear."

"I will not, Lady Claranbridge, if I can help it; I will be calm: I beg your pardon, Mr. Ponſonby, for this interruption; go on."

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

CONCLUSION.

"THE moſt horrible words in this fatal letter glared in my eyes, and took from me the power of comprehending the whole 'Widow of Sir Dennis Malone!' That line ſummed up my wretched fate: I was no longer his wife, the title I ſo gloried in!—I was a mother, but had no huſband to love and admire my pretty babe. With what maternal pride had I exulted in the hope of preſenting you to your father!—But I will not pain your affectionate heart by a tedious repetition

petition of my ſufferings; I ſtrove to live for you, and to preſerve my health, becauſe your's depended on it. Madelaine was ſenſible and diſcreet; I am greatly indebted to her tenderneſs; ſo are you, my child; never be ungrateful to Madelaine; ſhe nurſed your mother and ſhe nurſed you; ſhe will want nurſing too in her old age; do not forget her, my Dennis.

"Your uncle returned to us in about a month. I was now entirely at his mercy; my fortune had never been paid; that buſineſs was unluckily poſtponed till the time Sir Dennis was to fetch me. The Baron ſaid

'I had a letter from Lord Claranbridge, much to the ſame purport of yours, and think he adviſes you in a friendly manner: to reſtore the eſtate to its full value is the moſt eſſential point to be conſidered, as a title, without a fortune to ſupport it, is a very paltry thing.

While

While his Lordſhip is taking care for your future eſtabliſhment, I will take care of your preſent, and for the ten years continue to pay you the jointure I did your mother; had ſhe lived twenty, I ſhould have paid it cheerfully: with that, and the intereſt of your own fortune, you can ſupport yourſelf and ſon in a manner ſuitable to your birth.'

'I thanked the Baron for his kindneſs, and told him, that next to youſelf he was all my comfort. He promiſed to be a father to us both, and I had no reaſon to doubt his ſincerity. He adviſed me to write to Lord Claranbridge, which I did at that time, and at ſeveral periods ſince, receiving polite anſwers to all my letters from the hands of my brother, to whom they were always incloſed—I alſo ſent mine with the Baron's, as he conſtantly wrote when I did.

"Juſt

"Juſt before you were born, my good friends, the Melvins, were obliged to go to Philadelphia, on account of the death of Mrs. Melvin's brother, where I had the misfortune to loſe them both by the yellow fever: thus was I deprived of all my deareſt friends in leſs than a year.

"I lived quite retired: the worthy Riviere', the Marchioneſs Delatourville, and Miſs Forteſcue, were my intimates; their ſociety was very pleaſing to me, they loved my Dennis, and admitted him a viſitor with a mother, who ſeemed not to exiſt when he was out of her ſight.

"I had not ſeen my brother for ſome months, nor did I know which ſide he took in the French politics, till after the ſecond maſſacre, he came very late at night to Briançon, unable to alight from the chaiſe without great aſſiſtance; he was covered with blood,

blood, and ſcarce able to ſpeak; he was wounded in ſeveral places, and from being ſlightly dreſſed, the motion of the chaiſe had occaſioned the wounds to bleed afreſh. I ſent for a ſurgeon, who after he had dreſſed them properly, and aſſiſted in putting him to bed, told me, that he was very apprehenſive an immediate mortification would enſue, from want of care at firſt, and the inflamable ſtate the Baron's blood was in from the violent exerciſe: he watched by him all night; but, as he obſerved that my brother was greatly agitated when I was in his ſight, the good ſurgeon begged of me to go to bed, promiſing to let me be called if any change took place.

"I lay down, and in the morning I found him very delirious: he was deſirous of ſpeaking to me; the ſurgeon left the room: my brother could not articulate diſtinctly, but raved in this manner.

'Go to Ireland, Clara; fly, I have beggared you and your child; you are not worth a louis d'or: I am ſlain in time; my eſtate is loſt; all is gone, Clara; but he lives, do not let him curſe me!'

'Who has a right to curſe you, my dear brother?'

'Your huſband—Lord Claranbridge—and you, Clara, you—I am a villain—you know not—I cannot tell you—go immediately to Lord Claran ——'

He ſunk upon his pillow quite exhauſted: then ſtarting up, and looking wildly, ſaid,

'Gaming has ruined me: I had no fortune to pay him—what could I do?—what but kill you all!—Forgive me—tell your huſband not to curſe me when I am gone—my reaſon wavers, I am dying—will you go to Ireland?'

'I will, my brother.'

'Will you forgive me, Clara?'

'From

'From my ſoul, as I hope to be forgiven.'

"My tears fell on his hand as I kiſſed it; he preſſed mine to his lips; the cold dew of death was on his face; a convulſive hiccup choaked his utterance: the ſurgeon came and deſired me to leave the room; I ſtood motionleſs, I expected my brother to ſpeak to me; but, alas! he could breathe no more.

"His death was ſudden and dreadful, his deliuium terrifying. The ſurgeon led me gently from the bed, and deſired Madelaine to bring you to me: the ſight of my child, my *beggared child*, had the deſired effect; a ſhower of tears relieved me from my ſtupefaction.

"My mother, who had always dreaded leſt the Baron's propenſity to gaming ſhould involve us in his ruin, had, by her frugality, ſaved a conſiderable ſum out of her jointure, and had maintained me without letting me touch

touch the intereſt of my own money, which my brother regularly paid; thoſe ſums, added to your father's generous gifts, will keep us, my child, even in Ireland, till the time Lord Claranbridge mentioned: his Lordſhip cannot, I hope, be diſpleaſed at my obeying your uncle, by taking you to that kingdom, particularly as the troubles in France render our abode here dangerous; I ſhall leave a truſty perſon in charge of my eſtate at Briançon, as I think the Baron had no power to take that from us; and the civil commotions which have hitherto ſpared it, may ſtill perhaps let it remain unmoleſted.

"With this paper you will find letters from your father and Lord Claranbridge, the certificate of my marriage, and the ſettlement of my fortune, of which nothing now remains but the above mentioned little eſtate; the whole packet muſt go with yourſelf to Lord Claranbridge,

Claranbridge, in the Mall, Dublin, or at Roſe-Mount Caſtle, in the Province of Munſter.

"May the ſtriking reſemblance you bear to your father, inſure you the regard and protection of his beſt friend; may he find in the living Sir Dennis Malone every perfection that adorned him who is no more; let your father be an example, your poor miſtaken uncle a warning to you, my child.

"And, Oh! may heaven protect and bleſs my darling, prays your mother, who, before you receive this, will be, I truſt in the Almighty, with your father. Let us live in your memory, ſole offspring of our love, till we meet in heaven; if I live ſome time longer, I may perhaps have more to add, if not, take this as the laſt bleſſing of

Your affectionate mother,

CLARA MALONE.

"Among

"Among my papers you will find the diary, which I have regularly kept ſince my mother and I left Briançon to viſit my brother: it will make you acquainted with your parents; you will travel with them, converſe with them; every trifling circumſtance that concerns them will be intereſting to their child: you will retrace your infant ſteps, play over your various plays, and read your infantine remarks; the days which are forgot will ſeem to return, and in every line my ſon will find his mother."

CHAP. XII.

CONSEQUENT REMARKS.

"WELL, to be ſure ſhe is dead," ſaid the Marchioneſs, wiping her eyes, "and we are all aſſembled at her funeral."

"Fetch them, fetch them, Villiers; let me ſee they are ſafe and well."

"You cannot imagine, my Lord, how puzzled I was concerning this Sir Dennis: I knew him well, had ſeen him juſt before I left Dublin, and in France I found Lady Malone a widow, and a little Sir Dennis, very like the one I knew; the picture too was his

own. I mentioned my ſurpriſe to the Marchioneſs, who thought as we were imperfectly acquainted with Lady Malone's ſtory, we had better be ſilent, ſaying, 'if the man chooſes to be dead he will not thank us for bringing him to life again.'

"I own I thought Sir Dennis was one of thoſe inconſtant beings, who cannot be long attached to even the moſt amiable of our ſex, and imagined that he had given his hand to Clara Durval in a fit of rapture, which the Iriſh ſea had waſhed all away, and being aſhamed of his indifference, choſe effectually to ſilence her claims by making her believe he was dead, thinking he might then live as he pleaſed; and I would not have undeceived her for the world, for it is quite pleaſant to be a widow; but to live with a man who hates one! O how mortifying."

"Here they are," cried Lady Philippine.

Lord Claranbridge caught little Dennis in his arms, ſaying,

"Heaven bleſs you, my boy, I am heartily glad that you did not come to me an orphan, and I am happy, my dear lady, that I can thank you for your pathetic hiſtory, and doubly happy in being able to rejoice with you, that though Sir Dennis and you have been ſo long ſeparated by *falſe report*, not one circumſtance has happened on either ſide during that ſeparation to embitter your meeting. My dear fellow, I never was ſo glad to ſee you in my life."

"What a bleſſing it is for a man to have a good wife; he is beloved for her ſake, if he is not for his own. Pray, Lady Philippine, do you not admire my beauty?"

"No—the tears I have ſhed for your death

have made my eyes ſo dim that I cannot ſee it."

"Baron Durval," ſaid the Earl, "inſtead of writing an account of your ſafety, as he made you believe, wrote ſuch a plauſible and circumſtancial one of your deceaſe and the child's, that it was impoſſible not to give it credit. Dennis was like a mad man, and if he had not raved himſelf into a fever that confined him to his bed, he would have gone to Briançon, to bury himſelf with you and and his ſon; for I do not know any other motive he could have for going there; yet, when he recovered ſo ſlowly that we feared he was going into a decline, and the Doctor propoſed his reſiding for ſome time in Italy, I ſhall never forget him. 'Reſide in Italy!' exclaimed he, ſtarting up, 'never, never. Oh! it would appear more barren than Arabia's deſerts; more gloomy and chil-

ling

ling than Lapland's tedious night. No, Doctor, no, ſhoot me through the head at once, but do not torture me.' His leaving you, and your dying in child-bed, was what particularly afflicted him, as he thought himſelf doubly the cauſe of your death.

"When he grew better and went into company, like too many young men, he ſought to drown his ſorrows in wine; I knew that he was not naturally fond of drinking, and moſt ſincerely wiſhed to turn his mind from the bottle to a lady, but few equalled the deſcription I had heard of his Clara; and indeed, knowing his worth, I knew few who deſerved him: Philippine was too volatile, and he wanted ſoothing; Miſs Conolly's manners appeared to me moſt likely to attract him; and I own when I have ſpoken to her in his favor, I have been vexed at her indifference; however, it was lucky, and what provoked

me at the time, now gives me reaſon to be thankful."

"Yes, yes, uncle; Lady Malone may bleſs her ſtars that Louiſa did not ſee Sir Dennis in that flattering mirror, the Lake of Geneva."

"I may indeed; for then I ſhould have been flown from with horror, like a dreadful ſpectre, who am now received like a beloved wife."

"A fine piece of buſineſs it would have been, and all owing to that vil——."

"Hold, my Lord," ſaid Ponſonby, "do not be too ſevere againſt the memory of the unfortunate Baron Durval, who deſerves more pity than the amiable pair whom he injured. Oh! you do not know the temptations bad company lead a man into; he ſees them gay and agreeable, they make libertiniſm appear gallantry, extravagance generoſity, gaming an innocent and faſhionable amuſement,

amuſement, and drunkenneſs hilarity: giddy, thoughtleſs, fond of every thing which looks like pleaſure, he purſues it with avidity, till ruin overtakes him: then it is that injuſtice is thought ſelf preſervation, and the falling wretch catches wildly on the property of others to ſave himſelf from deſtruction. Oh! my Lord, if a ſiſter's fortune had been in my care, I ſhould have ſpent it too."

"Perhaps you might, but your ſoul is above deception, you would have ſcorned to deſtroy the peace of that ſiſter; you would have confeſſed the firſt error, and the laſt could never have diſgraced the heart of Charles Ponſonby."

"I hope it could not, my Lord: I was not faſſely indulged in my infancy, my feelings were never blunted by ſelfiſhneſs; I early learnt to relieve the ſufferings of my fellow creatures, but imbibed an opinion that mine

ought to be relieved alſo, and verified the ſcriptures by doing unto others as I wiſhed they would do unto me; I *gave*, therefore, freely as I *ſpent*, while my fortune laſted, and when my claims were denied by thoſe with whom I ſhared it, when I became poor, and they continued rich, I grew diſguſted with the world, and with myſelf—to the world I am reconciled, but never ſhall I fear to myſelf."

"Do you not love my brother, Mr. Ponſonby?"

"Yes, amiable Miſs Forteſcue; I always loved him as my deareſt, my moſt ſincere friend."

"Then you muſt not be too implacable againſt *his* deareſt friend: you pay him a very bad compliment to ſuppoſe that he can regard an unworthy man ſo highly as he does you, and not only Lord Belair, but my good Lord

Lord Claranbridge, who has ſeen more of the world, eſteems you; and many, many others I am ſure: then let their good opinion reconcile you to yourſelf."

"All you have ſaid is to no purpoſe, Miſs Forteſcue, unleſs you will add a few ladies to your gentlemen; their good opinion indeed will put a man in conceit with himſelf; tell Mr. Ponſonby that the Marchioneſs and Lady Philippine are dying for him, and that Lady Camira and Miſs Conolly ſwear he is a pretty fellow, and that Miſs Forteſcue —— what will you do for him?"

"Not tell him the falſities that you deſire me, Sir Dennis."

"Perhaps you can tell him a truth, which will be more efficacious; perhaps you will promiſe him a wife like Clara, and a ſon like my Dennis."

"Do, Miſs Forteſcue; a wife who will riſe from the dead after ſix years burial, and a child who will run into his arms at firſt ſight, better educated at ſix years of age than many men of faſhion are at ſix and twenty."

"No, no, Lady Philippine, miracles were ordained for me alone; you, Mr. Ponſonby, will be contented with a wife at preſent, and wait patiently for the child."

"Ponſonby, Sir Dennis, can never be contented, while his too preſumptuous wiſhes rebel againſt his reaſon and humility."

"If we knew," ſaid Lord Claranbridge, "what thoſe wiſhes were, I fancy we ſhould not think them quite ſo preſumptuous as the humble Mr. Ponſonby does; let them not, my dear Sir, rankle in your own breaſt, confide them to a friend's."

Ponſonby, ſighing, turned to the harp of Dennis, which ſtood on the table, and ſoftly touching

touching the ſtrings, ſung in his moſt expreſſive manner, the Amor Timido, from Metaſtaſio."

Placido zeffiretto
Le trovi il caro oggetto,
Digli che ſei ſoſpiro,
Ma non gli dir di chi.
Limpido ruſcelletto
Se mai t' incontri in lei,
Dille che pianto ſei,
Ma non le dir qual ciglio
Creſcer ti fé coſi.

Tranſlation.

Soft zephyr, when you find my fair,
Whiſper—a ſigh to her you bear,
But—whoſe, ah! do not tell:
Limpid river, let her know
Tears with your murmring waters flow,
But not from whom they fell.

When he had finiſhed the ſong he bowed, and haſtily quitted the room, as if aſhamed of having confeſſed ſo much.

"So,"

"So," ſaid the Marchioneſs, "this is Apollo in diſguiſe; and he owns there is a Daphne, too?"

"Yes: and his eyes," ſaid the Earl, "told us plainly who that Daphne is."

Miſs Forteſcue bluſhed, but did not look diſpleaſed at the obſervation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

A PARTY DISPERSED.

IN the evening Lady Philippine took an opportunity to tell Miſs Forteſcue of her fixed attachment to Fitzroy, without appearing to have noticed the partiality of Lord Belair, upon which topic as Lady Philippine had declared a preferrence to another, Miſs Forteſcue choſe to be ſilent alſo, but ingenuouſly confeſſed her own for Ponſonby: they had not finiſhed their converſation when they were joined by the Marchioneſs and Lord Belair.

"The-

"There, ladies, now I have introduced the traveller, I will go and aſk Lord Claranbridge if he can lend me one of his carriages to convey me to Dublin in the morning, I mean to ſet out by day break."

"Bleſs me!" exclaimed Miſs Forteſcue, "how ſudden is this determination; have you any particular reaſon?"

"Yes, my dear, a very ſerious reaſon; there is an infectious diſorder raging in this place, which renders a reſidence here very dangerous."

"Are the ſymptoms viſible?" aſked Lady Philippine, laughing.

"O, very! I ſee by your eyes that your Ladyſhip and Eliza have been communicating them to each other, I truſt the infection has not reached the Metropolis: if I find it there, I ſhall certainly think we have landed

on

on the Cyprian inſtead of the Hibernian Iſle, and fly to the Hebrides."

"Is it incurable that you are ſo apprehenſive of catching it?"

"Yes, my Lord, here it ſeems to be ſo, for abſence that is preſcribed as an excellent remedy; and marriage, which moſt people reckon an infallible cure for it; only confirms the diſorder, inſtead of abating it, on this wonderful Roſe-Mount.

"Hear whether I am alarmed without a cauſe. Lady Emily, who you know declined walking, detained me in her dreſſing-room for ſome time after the reſt of the company were diſperſed, according to their fancy; Mr. Fitzroy was the ſubject of her diſcourſe, and I find he is a ſon worth talking about: ſhe tells me, that ſhe expects very ſoon to ſee him here."

"Not ſoon I fear."

"Ah!

"Ah! Lady Philippine, if your gay heart can ſigh, I am in greater danger than I thought I was. But, to proceed, when I left her Ladyſhip, I came into the garden; as I drew near a bower I ſaw Lady Camira and Mr. Delany; they were reading Henry and Emma; I paſſed unnoticed, and beheld at a diſtance the Duke De Rouſillon, and Miſs Conolly walking arm in arm, "enjoying converſe ſweet." I dared not interrupt them, but turning another way, heard the muſical voice of my little Dennis, who was ſitting at the feet of his enraptured parents, ſinging the enchanting ſong of Ariel,

"Where the bee ſucks, &c."

to his harp. I left them to parental bliſs, and wandered on till I came to a wilderneſs; the melody of the birds invited me to enter it, when that of a lute ſeemed to ariſe from the ground; through the trees I perceived, reclined

clined by the ſide of a charming caſcade, Mr. Ponſonby: I ſtopped while he ſung an air from an Engliſh Opera; I heard Kelly ſing it when I was in Dublin; and a beautiful creature, Mrs. Crouch, played an intereſting character in it; ſhe is a great fortune, and loves an amiable young man without any; you knew all her ſongs, Eliza, cannot you recollect the name?"

"The Opera you mean muſt be Lionel and Clariſſa."

"Yes, it is; and Ponſonby ſung one of Lionel's."

"Was it this?

"O talk not to me of the wealth ſhe poſſeſt,
"My hopes and my views to herſelf I confine."

"That was the ſong, my Lord, and he ſung it, Eliza, if poſſibly more emphatically than he did

"*Placido Zeffiretto.*"

"Well,

"Well, gently I glided between the trees left I ſhould diſturb this inamorato, and ſaw at a little diſtance Lord and Lady Claran-bridge arm in arm, and one of her hands fondly claſped in his; they were talking very earneſtly, and looked the picture of conjugal felicity. I would not intrude, and taking another walk, was very near throwing myſelf in the way of Lady Philippine and Miſs Forteſcue, who, by the importance of their looks and the lowneſs of their ſpeech did not I imagined wiſh for a third perſon. At laſt I met your Lordſhip, and truly rejoiced was I to find ſomebody to whom I could ſpeak without being deemed impertinent, for I hope you were not ſoliloquizing very profoundly, nor compoſing a ſonnet to your miſtreſs's eye-brow."

"So, when you met his Lordſhip, and found yourſelf paired after the faſhion of the place,

place, you began to feel yourſelf in danger, my dear Marchioneſs; you had no idea of catching the infection while you were alone."

"You are quite miſtaken, Lady Philippine; when I was alone I actually caught myſelf ſighing, and once an impertinent tear fell upon my hand: I was alarmed, I found the ſoftneſs of the climate had debilitated my mind. When I met Lord Belair I recovered my uſual gaiety, yet as I ſtand a chance of being often left in ſolitude, I had better go to ſome other place, where, if I am alone, it will not be in the midſt of people happier than myſelf: Do not wonder, Lady Philippine, to ſee me ſometimes ſerious, for when I behold others bleſt in a ſtate which was to me a miſerable one, I cannot but feel myſelf peculiarly unfortunate, as I think my heart was formed by nature for domeſtic felicity, if it had met with one congenial; and I have been

conſidering

conſidering whether I ſhall go to Spain or Italy, and ſhut myſelf up in a convent, or boldly daſh into the great world and play the coquet."

"Oh, the laſt, the laſt by all means; we had better give away our hearts than break them; let us at leaſt have the pleaſure of ſeeing you, though we pay our freedom for it."

"Well, my Lord, I will conſent to trifle away one winter in Dublin, if you will inſure me a ſufficient number of hearts to give me faſhion and conſequence; if you can do that I will endeavour to endure all the love and happineſs at Roſe-Mount without being ſurfeited or envious."

"I will engage that the very firſt time you appear in public, you will carry home hearts enough to fill your work baſket."

"Excellent! then I will ſet about making

me

me a new one; a group of ſportive loves ſhall hold a golden net."

"Woven by the graces?"

"Yes, my Lord, if they will favor me ſo highly. Lady Philippine and Miſs Forteſcue, Lady Camira and Miſs Conolly, the four virgin graces of Roſe-Mount Caſtle, with *their* aſſiſtance I ſhall make my taliſman compleat."

"Alas! if us poor virgins are to be chaperoned by ſuch widows, as the Marchioneſs Delatourelle, and ſuch wives as Lady Malone, we muſt weave willow garlands for ourſelves, and make chains for our apes: we ſhall not be ſeen this winter, and perhaps have the mortification of ſeeing the hearts we, by the gentleſt means, have ſtrove to captivate, fluttering unpitied and unregarded in your fatal work baſket."

"Indeed, Lady Philippine, I fear no ſuch thing, while the Marchioneſs dangles about with

with her a baſket full of trumpery hearts, that ſhe will play with awhile, and then throw away with contempt; we ſhall each poſſeſs in *one* a treaſure of intrinſic worth, preſented by love, refined by fidelity, and ſecured by reaſon, that would ſcorn to flutter the undiſtinguiſhed captive of a coquet, who glories in number, not the value of thoſe that ſhe attracts."

"Let me ſee, it requires ſome little ſkill in oratory to defend myſelf againſt this wonderfully eloquent ſiſter of yours, my Lord; ſhe has choſen ſuch a pretty collection of words, that will try how I can twine them to ſuit my ſpeech.

"Know then, fair Eliza, that when love preſents, fidelity refines, and reaſon ſecures one valuable heart, Victoire Delatourelle will glory in being the poſſeſſor of ſo rich a treaſure.

ſure. Till then, let me play with my baſket of trumpery, amuſe myſelf with the flutterings of my gay captives, count the number I have attracted, and when I find that they are all worthleſs, throw them away with contempt."

Mr. Ponſonby unperceived by all but Lord Belair, had been liſtening to the latter part of their converſation, and his eyes expreſſed the approbation of his heart at the ſentiments of Miſs Forteſcue; when the Marchioneſs concluded her ſpeech, he came forward and told them that Lord Claranbridge deſired their company in the weſtern hall, to ſee an exhibition of artificial fire works.

They were diſplayed with unrivalled neatneſs and dexterity, by Mr. ——, and gave the greateſt ſatisfaction to the whole party. Little Dennis, though he did not like the hall,

and

and particularly when it was darkened, clung faſt to his papa, in whoſe arms alone he thought himſelf ſafe, was delighted beyond meaſure at ſo brilliant an entertainment, as he had never ſeen any thing of the ſort before. Muſic played the whole time, and the evening concluded in an agreeable and unexpected manner.

CHAP

CHAP. XIV.

AN UNCLE's ANGER AND THE CONSEQUENCE.

IN the morning Lord Claranbridge deſired to ſpeak with Lady Philippine in his ſtudy; ſhe obeyed the ſummons, and found her aunt with him: Lord Claranbridge placing her between them, ſaid,

"My dear Philippine, I have had very advantageous propoſals for you, from Lord Bendwall, who requeſts that on the ſame day his very good friend Lord Clonwell gives Lady Camira Belville to your brother, I will preſent you to him: what ſays my girl?"

"That if my auntwas a widow ſhe would think him too old and too ugly for her: you are much younger than him, and I am ſure, my dear uncle, I pay you no compliment in ſaying, that you are much handſomer; for I believe Ireland never produced two more complete frights than Lord Bendwall and Sir Roderic O'Connor."

"And am I to tell all this to Lord Bendwall, Philippine?"

"If you pleaſe, my Lord; or this: Tell him that if time had ſtood ſtill with him ever ſince I was born, I ſhould think him by above ten years too old for me. Adviſe him like a friend, my Lord, to look out for a ſober grave matron, a good ſort of a quiet body, who will ſit patiently and read the news-papers to him when he is laid up with the gout, and not to think of a gay girl, who would burn the papers rather than read the debates to him,

him, for that I deteſt politics, alſo all political bargains, and an old politician more than all."

"He is immenſely rich, has great intereſt in the Britiſh court, and is a very intelligent man."

"In the politics of Europe I believe he is, therefore makes a reſpectable figure in the Council Chamber, and the Houſe of Lords."

"I muſt not give him a poſitive refuſal, Philippine; you have put me into a very diſagreeable predicament juſt now. I do not love trouble, you know, and he is taking an active part in getting my peerage ſecured to your brother."

"Villiers, my Lord, will not deſire your Coronet, if his ſiſter is to purchaſe it for him with her happineſs."

"I do not believe you know what will make you happy. Do you like Sir Lucius Amorville? he is neither old nor ugly."

"He is a great libertine."

"He is a fashionable young man; marriage will reclaim him."

"No, uncle, he is a fashionable man; therefore it will not."

"To Lord Belair you can make no objection, for I believe that he is as faultless as any man of the age."

"I think he is very amiable; but, my Lord, I —"

"But you, like a silly girl, love a poor young fellow, who is forced to have recourse to professional means for a maintenance."

"And is that a disgrace, my dear uncle?"

"Not to Fitzroy: he has discretely chosen a profession to which his abilities will do honor. I have a very great regard for that young man, but cannot consent to his marrying my niece, unless with his hand he could bestow

on

on her the rank in life, the honor, her birth and fortune entitle her to expect."

"And ſuppoſe he could, my Lord, ſhould I be happier? Would he be handſomer or wiſer if his brows were encircled by a ducal coronet, or his heart be more excellent if covered with a paltry ribbon?"

"Or—" "Go on Lady Philippine," "his leg more finely proportioned if bound by the"

"Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe—my dear uncle."

"Do not think, becauſe your manners make me laugh, that I am not diſpleaſed at your perſiſting in a folly which I never will encourage; therefore, unleſs you wiſh to make an uncle who doats on you unhappy, promiſe me that you will no more think of William Fitzroy."

"My thoughts are uncontroulable; my actions I can and will command. Faithfully,

my Lord, I will keep the promiſe, never to marry Mr. Fitzroy without your conſent; but forgive me, my dear and honored uncle, if I entreat you, as you regard the happineſs of your Philippine, never to aſk me to marry any one elſe. Permit me to enjoy peaceably the liberal fortune that your bounty has beſtowed on me, and let me ever retain the reſpectable name I was born to, if I am forbidden to accept the one alone more dear to me."

"Nonſenſe! nonſenſe! Can you think I am to be made a fool of by a love-ſick girl? Ridiculous! You vex me, Philippine: — I thought you were above ſuch folly; I have hitherto eſteemed Fitzroy, but your conduct makes me hate him. I reſpected Lady Emily, but ſince ſhe chooſes to encourage this ſimple paſſion for her ſon, I will let her ſee, that neither herſelf, nor him who has taught you to be diſobedient, can any longer be regarded

by

by myſelf or Lady Claranbridge; let her return to Conolly Park; and Louiſa too, ſhe ſhall not ſtay at Roſe Mount to enſnare Villiers: I am not blind, I ſee he prefers her to Lady Camira. Ungrateful boy and girl that you are, thus to torment an uncle who loves you as his children! Leave me, I am too much diſcompoſed to talk any longer; your aunt too is affected; ſhe weeps; leave us."

When Philippine petitioned to live ſingle, ſhe threw herſelf at her uncle's knees, and finding by his anger that ſhe had ſaid too much, leant her head upon the hand ſhe held without having the power to riſe; but when he exclaimed againſt Fitzroy, and his revered mother, the words ſounded inarticulately in her ears; ſhe grew faint, and had quite loſt her ſenſes before he pronounced, 'leave us!' In drawing away his hand he touched her face; it was cold; her head fell on his knee.

Lady Claranbridge beheld her pallid look and fixed eyes, and exclaimed,

"Oh! my Claranbridge, our Philippine is dead."

"Heaven forbid! look at me, my darling; forgive your cruel uncle."

"She is gone," ſaid Lady Claranbridge, ſinking down by the ſide of her niece nearly as inſenſible. The diſtreſſed Earl was unable to leave them to ring the bell, and thinking that he heard ſomebody paſſing by the door, called out for help in the moſt terrific accents. The door burſt open, and in ruſhed Fitzroy in deep mourning. He was juſt come, and haſtening to the apartments of his mother, when the cry of diſtreſs called him into the ſtudy, where the ſight of Lady Philippine in ſuch a ſituation threw him entirely off his guard, though he did not loſe his preſence of mind: he took her gently from the arms of her

her uncle, and laid her on a ſofa, exclaiming,

"And is it thus we meet, my angel, my Philippine? — How did this happen, my Lord?"

"I was angry with my Philippine; my cruelty has killed her; ſhe has left me to break my heart."

"Do not be alarmed, my Lord, ſhe will ſoon recover. Dear Lady Claranbridge, be pacified, the hand I hold grows warm. Lady Philippine loves her uncle, and his anger chilled her gentle heart: where is my mother? where Miſs Connolly? Pray, my Lord, call for aſſiſtance."

Lord Claranbridge fearing that Fitzroy imagined ſhe was dead, or dying, flew out of the room ringing his hands, and alarmed all on that ſide of the caſtle, with loudly calling for help, and returned with the ladies, Emily

and Camira, Villiers, and Auguſtus, juſt as ſhe was recovering.

Fitzroy made a motion with his hand for them to keep back a little, leſt ſhe ſhould be alarmed at ſo many around her. All but Lord Claranbridge obeyed; he ſtepping ſoftly forward, bent over the arm of the ſofa, and heard Fitzroy ſay,

"Look at me, my Philippine, my only love; ſpeak, and bleſs your William."

Her colour began to return; ſhe ſighed, and her eyes recovering their expreſſion, met Fitzroy's: ſhe ſtarted up the ſurpriſe, which they forgot to guard againſt, depriving her of the ſenſe they had been ſo anxiouſly watching for, ſhe fell on the boſom of Fitzroy, and her hands, that ſhe had lifted up in aſtoniſhment, hung lifeleſs over his ſhoulders. Now more terrified than before, he exclaimed, in an agony,

"Are

"Are there no Doctors, no reſtoratives in the caſtle?"

Auguſtus Delany flew for his uncle; and Lady Emily and Villiers, who were amazed at the ſight of Fitzroy, and the ſituation of Lady Philippine, now came forward to aſſiſt them. Villiers ſeeing his uncle ſtand in the deepeſt deſpair, ſaid,

"It is only her ſurpriſe, my Lord, that occaſions theſe faintings. I ſuppoſe Mr. Fitzroy came in abruptly."

"Yes, and he found her thus: I was angry with her before he came, on his account too. I behaved like a brute; when my lovely Philippine, claſping thoſe cold white hands, only begged to live ſingle for his ſake, I commanded her never to think of him."

"Angelic Philippine, and was it for me?"

"Yes, yes, Fitzroy, ſhe will die for you. Oh! my heart, my heart! what I feel is inex-

preſſible. Reſtore my Philippine, Fitzroy, and I will bleſs you."

De Rouſillon hearing Doctor Delany's voice, met him, and haſtily told him the cauſe of Lady Philippine's diſorder, and the relapſe. The Doctor gently removed Fitzroy, who was ſitting by her on the Sopha to ſupport her, and made Villiers take his place, ſaying,

"Another fit will be dangerous; you had better keep a little out of ſight, Mr. Fitzroy, ſhe is beginning to recover."

Fitzroy knew the propriety of the Doctor's caution, and concealed himſelf from her view. He ſat down by Lady Claranbridge, and ſtrove to calm her exceſſive grief. When Philippine came a little to herſelf, ſhe looked eagerly around her without ſpeaking, and ſeeing her uncle, whoſe joy at her recovery was only to be expreſſed by tears, which were

faſt

faſt rolling down his cheeks; ſhe took his hand, and tenderly kiſſing it, ſaid,

"My uncle, my dear uncle, why are you afflicted? Where is my aunt, is ſhe well?"

"Yes, my life, my Philippine, quite well, now I hear your voice."

Lady Claranbridge came to her, and embraced her affectionately.

"What has been the matter with me? have I been aſleep?"

"No, my child, not aſleep, you have fainted away."

"Oh! I recollect, my uncle was very angry with me."

"No, no, my Philippine, do not recollect that; it is paſt, it never could be; forget it, my love: your uncle will bleſs, not kill his darling girl. Come, Lady Emily, and aſk our Philippine how ſhe does."

He

He gave her hand to Lady Emily, who kiſſed it affectionately.

"Have you ſeen any body to-day, my dear Lady Emily, that you love; have you any reaſon to be particularly happy?"

"I have ſeen the whole Roſe-Mount party, and I love them all; and I have reaſon to be particularly happy now you are ſo much better."

"Then it was only fancy!"

"What was fancy, my dear girl?"

"I thought —— I muſt not tell you, you will be angry again."

She hid her face with her handkerchief, and the Doctor would not let them interrupt her tears.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

TRANQUILLITY REGAINED.

MR. FITZROY ſtill kept at a diſtance, converſing with Lady Claranbridge and De Rouſillon. Philippine held Lady Emily's hand in her's, and Lord Claranbridge, impatient at ſeeing his beloved niece ſo long unhappy, determined by degrees to prepare her for the ſight of Fitzroy, and in a half whiſper, ſaid to Lady Emily,

"I think England has improved your ſon greatly; he is a fine young man; you have reaſon

reaſon to be proud of him, my Lady; I never ſaw him look better, he becomes mourning."

Lady Philippine took the handkerchief from her eyes.

"Go to ſleep, Philippine, I am talking ſecrets with Lady Emily. I was juſt going to tell her that a young lady, a friend of yours, threw herſelf into the arms of a certain gentleman this morning; what do you ſay to that, Philippine? well may you bluſh."

"I do not know what you mean, my Lord; my comprehenſion is not very clear, I believe, at preſent; I wiſh you would talk ſeriouſly my dear uncle."

"I will, my love: Mr. Fitzroy is at Roſe-Mount."

"Then I have ſeen him; it is not fancy: Oh! there he is with my aunt and brother."

"Villiers, you have my conſent to preſent your ſiſter with what you think will make her

moſt happy in this world; I ſhall ratify your gift with my fervent bleſſing."

Villiers led Fitzroy to his ſiſter, and, joining their hands, gave them to his uncle; who preſſing them in both his, ſaid,

"Take her, Fitzroy; ſhe has convinced me, both by her arguments and the effects my diſſention from them occaſioned, that her little ſtubborn heart will break ſooner than it will bend, ſo you muſt take care how you manage it. I own that my pride, ambition, or whatever you pleaſe to term it, made me wiſh to give her that rank by marriage her birth intitles her to; I conſidered her attachment to you as a meer girliſh paſſion, more in conceit than reality. Lady Claranbridge married me, in obedience to her parents; ſhe was as lively as Philippine, yet without any romantic love, her eſteem ripened into affection; and an amiable pliabilty in her temper

has

has rendered us for thirty years as happy a couple as the great world can produce: therefore let that plead ſome excuſe for my wiſhing to bend the inclinations of Philippine to coincide with ours; but we love her too well to make her unhappy, nor are we inſenſible of your worth, my dear Fitzroy: love our Philippine as ſhe deſerves, and be aſſured that we ſhall glory in our nephew. My girl has recovered her looks, but has loſt her tongue. And what has become of your's, William, that I have heard ſo eloquent on all other occaſions?"

"Oh! my Lord, read my heart; words are inadequate to expreſs its tranſport."

"I cannot ſpeak, my uncle, as I wiſh, your unexpected kindneſs overpowers me."

"Give me leave, my Lord," ſaid Doctor Delany, "to order the coach; I preſcribe an hour's airing as a grand reſtorative to all parties:

ties: to Lady Emily and Mr. Fitzroy I recommend the chaiſe; I know that they have a great deal to ſay to each other, and ought to be by themſelves for a little while. I muſt not ſeparate you, my Lord, from the Ladies Claranbridge and Philippine, and if you will indulge me with a corner, I can aſſiſt you in amuſing them: if you look croſs at me, Lady Philippine, I will order you to take medicines and lie in bed all day."

"I will not mind you if you do, my good Doctor, for I am very well now."

"I ſee you are, my fair Lady, thank God, and an abler phyſician than myſelf."

"Yes, yes, Doctor, when ſhe can be ſaucy and contradict you and I, ſhe will be like herſelf, and make her uncle happy. Villiers, will you order your horſe and come with us?"

"The horſes are in waiting, my Lord, for a party of us; we will take the ſame road."

When

When Lady Philippine aroſe to go to the carriage, ſhe found herſelf much weakened; Fitzroy ſaw her tremble, and tenderly ſupported her; he ſoftly whiſpered as they went along,

"I wiſh, my deareſt Philippine, that I could take the Doctor's corner; this abſence will be painful to me; his prudence and my inclinations do not agree."

"We generally get out and walk for a while, then we ſhall meet again. Tell my dear Lady Emily to forgive me for not congratulating her on your arrival; but I was a ſelfiſh thing; my own happineſs took up all my thoughts."

Villiers now came up to them, with Lady Claranbridge; and Fitzroy could only preſs the hand he held to his lips: when they had put the ladies in the coach, Villiers ſaid,

"My

"My dear Fitzroy, how happy this event makes me; I may now indeed congratulate myſelf on the pleaſing hope of calling you brother."

"I can ſcarce believe my happineſs it is ſo ſudden, ſo unexpected: that I am happy I feel; that I may continue ſo, moſt ardently pray; and to ſee you ſafe, my dear De Rouſillon, is not the leaſt part of my felicity. You know my heart, you have long known it, therefore I need not tell you its feelings on your ſuppoſed death, or on ſeeing you now alive: how is Miſs Conolly, is ſhe here?"

"Yes, my friend, or Roſe-Mount would be a deſert. I left her walking with ſome ladies juſt before my uncle alarmed me about the illneſs of Philippine; you will ſee her preſently, for ſhe is going to ride with us."

"Ah! Fitzroy, what udden and happy turn have we to expect?"

"May

"May it come without expecting, like the event of this morning, and it will be the more delightful. Why ſhould you deſpair, when you ſee that the affection of Lord Claranbridge can conquer his ambition? My mother I ſee is waiting for me. Adieu, my Lord, I need not wiſh you an agreeable ride, it muſt be ſo as Miſs Conolly will be with you."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE GENEROUS FRIEND.

WHILE the foregoing ſcene paſſed in the ſtudy, Lord Belair and Ponſonby enjoyed the following moſt friendly and intereſting converſation in the garden.

"Do not think, my dear Charles, that what my ſiſter has told me of Lady Philippine will either mortify or vex me; I have long ſuſpected her ſecret attachment to Fitzroy: whenever his name was mentioned I ſaw a bluſh crimſon the cheeks of Lady Philippine, and

and though the pleaſure I found in her ſociety made me partial to Roſe-Mount, I never had the leaſt hope of being a favored lover, and ſince the arrival of my ſiſter, the wiſh I have formed to render her happy has given quite a new turn to my thoughts: Lady Philippine has not been the ſole object of them."

"What does your Lordſhip think of the Marchioneſs?"

"Well, Ponſonby, as I expect you to be very ſincere with me, I will anſwer that ſly queſtion with candour. I think, nay I feel, that ſhe is irreſiſtable. Had Eliza told me that her affections were engaged to Mr. Fitzroy, or Mr. any body, I ſhould have been ſeriouſly vexed; ſhe has a friendſhip for me, but what is cold inanimate friendſhip? I muſt inſpire her with love, and conquer that fatal averſion which ſhe ſeems to have againſt entering a ſecond time into the marriage ſtate. Surely

Surely either my judgment is matured, or the Marchioneſs is grown more captivating than ever: but, to have done with myſelf,—The Freemans rejoice greatly in the thought of your being ſo near a neighbour to them."

"How do you mean, my Lord?"

"Do you not know that your eſtate, called Rock Grove, is very near to Foreſt Hill?"

"My eſtate? I do not underſtand you, my Lord."

"My uncle, a very worthy old gentleman, bequeathed it to you, becauſe you were my deareſt friend; I have had it in truſt for you ever ſince he died, which was juſt before I ſet out on my travels. I have been a good ſteward, and put the produce of it into the bank every year—where I believe that you will find about twelve thouſand pounds in your name; the eſtate brings in rather better

than two thouſand per annum; theſe are the writings. Say nothing, Charles; think what a ſuperfluity that was to me, when my own brings me fifteen; and, beſides, I have a ſelfiſh requeſt to make; I wiſh, though I have given it to you unconditionally, that you will leave it to my ſiſter's eldeſt ſon; yet, upon my ſoul, Ponſonby, I had the writings drawn up when I did not know whether ſhe was dead or alive; now, I own I wiſh to ſee her happy—tell me candidly, do you love Eliza?"

"Moſt ardently: her ſociety would make the world a paradiſe; and to leave her will be puniſhment ſufficient to expiate all my faults."

"To leave her will be adding to them, by embittering the life of an amiable woman who loves you: let no falſe delicacy on your ſide fruſtrate my deſign, of rendering you both happy:—

happy:—will you, my Ponſonby, refuſe Belair for a brother?"

"Was not my honor blaſted by my folly, how I ſhould glory in the title! I now ſhrink from my greateſt bliſs, becauſe I feel myſelf unworthy of it."

"Am *I* an unworthy fellow? is *my* honor blaſted by folly?"

"Certainly not, my Lord: but why theſe ſtrange queſtions?"

"To make you juſt: if I am not as guilty as yourſelf, do not involve me in your puniſhment: if you are miſerable I muſt be ſo too; if you will be happy, you make me ſo."

"Whatever bleſſings you beſtow on me, my excellent generous friend, ſhall be gratefully and humbly received by your Ponſonby, who never could have been eſteemed by your amiable ſiſter but through your par-

tial friendſhip;—may that partiality ever conceal my errors from her eyes."

"Now you talk like a reaſonable fellow, Charles. Ah! I ſee the ſoul-enlivening Marchioneſs alone, and coming this way.—Oh! that ſhe loved me as well as Eliza does you! Adieu, Charles."

"Do not let Mr. Ponſonby go, my Lord; I want to ask him if he will ride with me this morning."

"With you, Lady?"

"Yes, with me, Lord. How ſurpriſed you look! in the name of gallantry am I not to have one among you to hold my ſtirrup, or take me up if I fall off my horſe."

"Accept of me; Ponſonby has a thouſand things to ſay to my ſiſter."

"Miſs Forteſcue told me that you were walking in the ſouth garden with Mr. Ponſonby, and deſired me to ask you to ride with her;

her; ſo you know, my Lord, as ſhe has engaged you, I muſt not. I am in a pretty ſtate of ſolitude ſtill, at this ſaid Roſe-Mount: Sir Dennis will not ſpare me his ſon, Lady Malone her huſband, Lady Camira her couſin, nor Eliza her brother. Lovers, to be ſure, are choice beings, never to be ſpared to a friend; ſo if I cannot borrow Lord Claranbridge, I will make my beſt reverence to Doctor Delany, and with a very ſupplicating face and beſeeching accent, humbly pray that he will take compaſſion on on a poor ſolitary widow, and condeſcendto be her cicefbeo while ſhe ſtays at the caſtle: that may ſucceed—for I do not know any body who can lay claim to him, unleſs it is Lady Emily Fitzroy—I declare I forgot her."

"Amiable Marchioneſs! I will reſign the care of Eliza to my friend Ponſonby, and moſt ardently beſeech tha. you will confer

that poſt of triumph and felicity on me, at leaſt while you ſtay here: if in Dublin you ſee one more worthy ſo enviable a truſt, one whom you may think will better grace your ſide, or be more attentive in ſo high an office, diſmiſs me."

"In the firſt place, Mr. Ponſonby, I muſt ask you, if you will accept the guardianſhip of Miſs Forteſcue? And can you anſwer for the obedience of your friend? Has he a good memory? Will he remember to-morrow what he has ſolicited to-day? or ſhall I not, when I want him to carry my lap-dog, be told, that he is playing the organ to Miſs Conolly's canary birds; holding the bread-basket while Lady Camira feeds the golden fiſhes; or teaching Lady Philippine's parrot to ſay, 'Belair adores you.'

"I

"I will anſwer for myſelf, and ſwear by all that is enchanting, to carry your lap-dog whenever you pleaſe, and to teach only your parrot to ſay, 'Belair adores you!"

"I will ſave you that trouble by not keeping one; there is my hand, I engage you."

"And thus I kiſs the hand of my ſovereign, gratefully acknowledging the honor conferred on me by the appointment."

"If you grow weary of your office, for I am very whimſical, capricious, and troubleſome, give me due notice of your reſignation, and do not leave me all at once to the care of ſtrange ſervants in a foreign country; tho' they ſay Ireland produces very faithful ones, they may not be ſuch adroit gentlemen uſhers in a crowd as my French ſervants were; and when I hear horſes prancing, coachmen ſwearing, and chair-poles rattling, if I have

not a diſcreet protector, I ſhall die with terror; I can never go to an Opera, though angels deſcend to ſing at it; or to a play, though Melpomene and Thalia themſelves were to act. Here you will lead a very quiet life; but in Dublin will you have patience with my follies, and diſſipate my fears?"

"No: for the firſt I ſhall never ſee, and the laſt I will prevent."

"Gallant to a charm!—Mr. Ponſonby you are witneſs, that I, Victoire Delatourelle, prefer Henry, Lord Belair, to be my cicisbeo, for as long as it ſhall be agreeable to both parties. Here is Eliza coming to ſeek us, you can tell her how faithfully I delivered her meſſage."

Miſs Forteſque had juſt heard ſomething of Mr. Fitzroy's arrival, and Lady Philippine's illneſs; but as the party were ready to

ſet

ſet out, ſhe came in haſte to fetch the Marchioneſs and the gentlemen, and they heard from Villiers, during the ride, all that he could tell them of what paſſed in the ſtudy, and they ſincerely congratulated him on the happy termination.

CHAP. XVII.

THE PEERAGE.

LORD CLARANBRIDGE was in the higheſt ſpirits at ſeeing his beloved neice recovered; and ſhe was all gratitude and affection to her indulgent uncle.

"Have you ſeen Lord Roſtrevor ſince your return, Mr. Fitzroy?" aſked the Earl.

"I left him in England, my Lord."

"In England? What in the name of wonder took him there? I thought that he was in Dublin."

"He

"He went immediately on the death of my uncle Fitzroy, who has left me ſole heir to an immenſe fortune, to which is annexed an Engliſh Peerage, Viſcount Fitzroy; the patent was making out for himſelf at the time he died, and Lord Roſtrover thought his intereſt would be of ſervice to me, in caſe, as it was not ſigned, there ſhould have been any doubt of my right to it: he has alſo ſolicited and obtained a patent by which his own titles devolve to me, if he dies without children."

"Fitzroy you have partly deprived me of a generous triumph over my own inclinations in favor of this girl; your riches and your titles equal my higheſt expectations for her, and leave me no power to ſhew my real affection for you both: She was almoſt inſenſible at the time I gave her to you, but I hope my behaviour correſponded with the

firm reſolve of my heart, to give her to you when I thought you were only a Barriſter, with a ſmall fortune: are you convinced that ſuch was my intention?"

"I am, my Lord, perfectly convinced, and grateful, very grateful for the honor you conferred on me: your heart is above prejudice, affection is its ſole guide, you rewarded a conſtant and diſintereſted paſſion when you thought I was poor in every thing elſe, and have bound me, my dear Lord, by the tendereſt ties of love and duty, to regard you as a parent, whoſe kind indulgence has removed every obſtacle between me and felicity."

"And what ſays my Philippine? will ſhe reward me for my ready compliance with her wiſhes?"

"My dear uncle can you doubt my gratitude,

titude ? Tell me, tell me, how I can reward you?"

"By proving yourſelf ſincere; by ſhewing that you love this young man for himſelf alone, accept his hand immediately, make him happy before he has time to make you a ſettlement; let me ſee if you dare rely on his honor; I will confide in him, and Villiers I know approves of this requeſt."

"I do indeed, my Lord; their affection has long been reciprocal, and delays are unneceſſary."

"But, my dear uncle, and my dear brother you ſeem to forget that there is a certain etiquette in theſe affairs; can I accept of the man's hand if he will not give it to me?"

"My hand, my heart, my ſoul is yours! dear Lady Philippine, conſent to bleſs me."

"God bleſs you, my dear William, and make you a good old man. Is not this the way that you

you bleſs him, Lady Emily, putting your hand, thus, upon his head, as he kneels to you?"

"Fitzroy, ſhe ſhall be your's to-morrow, ſo throw off your black."

"To-morrow, uncle? Before I have looked at him, before I know if he is in reality my Fitzroy, who has been ſo long abſent. I beſeech you, my Lord, not to hurry me ſo; give me a little time to hear him ſay pretty things, and to enjoy the liberty of laughing at them; a week at leaſt allow me, and in that time, perhaps, I may prevail upon ſome of the good ladies to wear chains, if it is only to keep me in countenance; the Marchioneſs or Miſs Forteſcue I know will be ſo obliging if you will let me have time to perſuade them."

"I have ſuffered the chains once, and beg to be excuſed. Miſs Forteſcue never felt the

the weight of them, and may be induced to to put them on."

"Keep to your time, Philippine, or I ſhall ſay that you are a capricious girl, and that Fitzroy is too good for you."

"Pray, uncle, do not make him vain, he was an humble ſighing ſwain before he went to England, and if you ſpoil him he will be as confident as Sir Dennis, eſpecially if I am loving enough to marry him; for when once a woman is ſeduced to take a man for better or for worſe, the vain fellow fancies ever after that he is irreſiſtable: Since I have known Lady Malone, I have found a little excuſe for you, Sir Dennis; I do not wonder that you thought the heart ſhe had valued above all others too rich a treaſure to be refuſed by any other lady."

"Nor would they have refuſed it, if their affections had not been engaged elſewhere."

"Ah!

"Ah! Clara, I certainly looked much better in foreign lands than in my native; however, I flatter myſelf that I am now too ſecure of your love for perſonal defects to leſſen it; a ſoldier's wife muſt always be prepared for accidents; bullets are terrible enemies to perſonal beauty, they deſtroy the features, and mutilate the limbs: a woman, when ſhe parts with an handſome huſband may have him return to her crippled and disfigured, yet even ſo disfigured and deformed would my Clara love her Dennis?"

"And even ſo deformed would, I Philippine, love my Fitzroy; that Clara of yours ſhall only be one of the beſt wives, I intend to be another; here, take my hand, and heaven grant me the pleaſure of hearing you glory in your Philippine, as Sir Dennis does in his Clara."

"And heaven grant, my adorable Philippine,

pine, that you may ever find Fitzroy deſerving of your tendereſt love."

"When will Lord Roſtrevor return?"

"Not yet, my Lord; he wiſhes to meet the Roſe-Mount family, at my houſe, in Portman-ſquare, this winter, where he reſides; my uncle Fitzroy bought it for me not long before his death, and as Lady Philippine has never ſeen England, I hope it will not be diſagreeable to ſpend a few months there."

"It is abſolutely neceſſary, my dear William; ſhe muſt be preſented on her marriage asa Peereſs of Great Britain. Let us make a large party: you, Lady Emily go for a certainty; what ſays the Marchioneſs?"

"That I ſhall be happy to make one; will you go, Lord Belair?"

"You know that I am bound to follow wherever you lead; ſo, Lady, whether you go

over the ocean, or into the ocean, Belair goes with you."

"Heaven preſerve us from the *into!*" exclaimed the Marchioneſs.

"Amen," ſaid Lady Philippine; "for I never had leſs inclination to looſe my life than I have juſt now. I hope, Lady Malone, that you have no objection to a very ſhort voyage?"

Before her Ladyſhip had time to anſwer, a ſervant announced Lord Claſhmore.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

A DISAGREEABLE VISITOR.

LORD CLASHMORE entered immediately, and ſeeing ſo much company, diſguiſed his ill humour under a courtly and general politeneſs, addreſſing thoſe he knew with an eaſy familiarity: when he came up to Villiers, he ſaid,

"There are nobles in Ireland who have more reaſon to mourn than rejoice at your ſafety, my Lord."

"Joy upon ſuch an occaſion cannot poſſibly extend beyond my own family, and I hope

hope I ſhall never give any one cauſe to make it a ſubject for mourning, my Lord."

"What do you think the poor devils that you emigrant Dukes have the art to rival, are to do?"

"As well as the French Dukes did when the Iriſh Lords rivalled them: there has ever been a free intercourſe between the two kingdoms, and the ladies in each had liberty to chooſe as their inclinations dictated."

"You are at eaſe, I ſee, perfectly at eaſe."

"So I hope you are, my Lord, and every body at Roſe-Mount Caſtle; I am ſure Lord Claranbridge endeavours to render them ſo."

"My nephew is half a native of Ireland, my Lord, his mother a lady of this Kingdom, himſelf and ſiſter have lived with me here as much as they have in France, and the loſs of paternal fortune and title is not felt by him, who was always acknowledged ſole heir to mine;

mine; therefore in future look on him not as an emigrant French Duke, but as the heir to an Iriſh Peerage ſuperior to your own."

"If your Lordſhip was contented with making him the inheritor of your rights only, we might have met on more friendly terms; but while you are deſirous of his encroaching on mine, it is impoſſible."

"I wiſh to meet every man as a friend who comes under this roof; if you, Lord Claſhmore, deſire to be received as ſuch, you are welcome to Roſe-Mount, and ſhall be treated with candour whenever you chooſe to explain yourſelf calmly, at preſent you are warm; take time, my Lord, you are my gueſt for this evening, and for as much longer as you find it agreeable to you. Have you any letters to Lady Camira from Lord Clonwell? I ſuppoſe he knew that you were coming here?"

"He

"He is very ill, my Lord, I did not ſee him?"

"Ill! my father ill! when did you ſee him laſt, Lord Claſhmore?—what is his diſorder?"

"Loſs of memory, ingratitude, in ſhort, a complication of diſorders which, I fear are incurable. I hope that I ſhall find your Ladyſhip in better health."

"My Lord, I cannot ſtand by calmly and hear you inſult my couſin, by ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of her father."

"I am not his nephew, or his dependant; if I was, perhaps I ſhould put up with ill uſuage as tamely as Mr. Delany."

"Hold, gentlemen, this goes no further: Do me the favor, Lord Claſhmore, to grant me half an hour's converſation? We will, if you pleaſe, take, a turn in the garden."

"I have no objection, my Lord: I will explain

explain to you how baſely I have been injured by Lord Clonwell."

He left the room with Lord Claranbridge.

"Oh! this wretch, this wretch, why did he come here to torment us? Yet, though I hate him, I muſt ſay that he has very great cauſe to think himſelf ill uſed by my father."

"Inſolent puppy to retort on me! Am I to plunge my ſword into the boſom of my uncle, the father of the woman whom I adore? No, though he cruſhes me beneath his feet, though he rends my ſoul with his cruelty, for your ſake, Camira, I will, I can bear it patiently."

"And for my ſake too, Auguſtus, forget the impertinence of Lord Claſhmore; regard him as you would a mad man, or one intoxicated; I am ſure he has been drinking."

"You ſhall perſuade me ſo, my beloved couſin; he is intoxicated; I will take no farther notice of his behaviour: thoſe who ſee

your

your terror, will not, I think, blame me for ſacrificing the punctilios of honor to your peace."

"We are all, I believe," ſaid Sir Dennis, of Lady Camira's opinion; he has certainly made too free with the bottle; the whole of his conduct, ſince he entered the room, confirms it—he is quite fluſtered."

"Hang him, he has diſconcerted my evening's amuſement."

"How did you intend to entertain us, my Philippine?"

"With a concert of choice ſelections, and a ball after, if agreeable. You know, my dear aunt, that Fitzroy could dance, ſing, and play extraordinary well before he went to England, I wiſh to know if he has improved himſelf there; the room is illuminated, the muſicians ready, but all to no purpoſe, I fear, unleſs that croſs-patch will go to bed."

"If

"If your uncle can argue him into tolerable temper, Sir Dennis, Lord Belair, and Mr. Ponſonby ſhall take him into their party, he can have no plea to quarrel with them; and as the changing partners every dance ſhews no partialities, we may keep him in a good humour: Go into the concert-room and divide into two parties, I will wait for Lord Claranbridge and him, and when we enter the room I ſhall know where to place him. I hope muſic will harmoniſe his ſoul.

"You, Auguſtus and Villiers, have got your reaſon, if he has loſt his; I depend on your prudence, and on yours, Lady Camira; behave to him with that eaſy politeneſs you would to a ſtranger viſiting at the caſtle; by this means we may render him a ſafe if not an agreeable gueſt."

While Lady Claranbridge was endeavouring to promote the happineſs of her amiable

circle, her Lord was no leſs anxious to pacify the turbulent ſpirit of Lord Claſhmore, that he might not interrupt it."

"I aſſure you my Lord," ſaid the Earl, "that I had not the leaſt intention to injure you when I complied with Lord Clonwell's propoſal for my nephew to marry Lady Camira, I own the union of our two families is perfectly agreeable to me, but if the Earl gave you a ſerious promiſe, he certainly ought to adhere to it."

"He did give me a ſerious promiſe, my Lord, and as the nuptials have not taken place, it is not too late to redreſs myſelf: before I leave Roſe-Mount I ſhall conſider what is the moſt honorable and effectual means to oblige Lord Clonwell to fulfil his agreement, written with his own hand, wherein he promiſes to give me Lady Camira in marriage with a fortune there ſtipulated,

if

if I will act as he wiſhes in regard to certain political affairs, which I do not think myſelf authoriſed to divulge."

"I wiſh you had ſettled this point with his Lordſhip before you had left Dublin, I am quite a ſtranger to the promiſe, he alone can redreſs you, therefore I beg, my Lord, that you will not diſturb the tranquillity of my family, neither does Mr. Delany deſerve cenſure for not diſobeying his uncle."

"The young man was impertinent, and I ſpoke haſtily, I did not reflect: in regard to ſettling the point before I left Dublin, it was what I fully intended, could I have ſeen Lord Clonwell, but he was out, or too ill to ſee any body, were the anſwers I received. I wrote, he did not reply. By heaven his age alone ſecured him, or I would have demanded ſatisfaction for ſuch uſage; but an old man, an infirm gouty fellow, is no match for Claſh-

more; yet I will be revenged, curſe me if I will not; Lady Camira ſhall be mine, nay ſhe is mine."

"Be calm, my Lord, I ſee Lady Claranbridge coming towards us, it is neither prudent nor manly to alarm the ladies."

"I am come, my Lords, to invite you to our concert, it is juſt going to begin, and if you love dancing, Lord Claſhmore, it ſhall be ſucceeded by a ball."

"If your Ladyſhip will engage Lady Camira for my partner, I ſhall be happy to dance."

"Our general rule is to change partners; however they ſhall be fixed for this evening to oblige you, my Lord; and Lady Claranbridge will, I dare ſay, engage Lady Camira to comply with your requeſt."

Lord Claſhmore paid little attention to the muſic, and ſhewed abſolute impatience and diſguſt

diſguſt during the performance of the ſong, made on De Rouſillon's return; the monody and the invitation, which were repeated by the deſire of Lord Fitzroy and the ladies, who had not heard them. The Marchioneſs obſerving his diſcontent, whiſpered to Lord Belair,

"I am ſorry to ſee that Satan has found his way into our Paradiſe, only as he is undiſguiſed, we may be able, thank heaven, to guard againſt his devilſhip."

"He is more bluſtering than miſchievous. I think Lady Camira fears him more than ſhe has reaſon."

"She fears for that darling couſin of hers; the little altercation which they had has alarmed her greatly, but I am more afraid that the Duke De Rouſillon and he will have a ſerious diſagreement."

"No, no, my dear Lady; De Rouſillon has diſcretion and loves Miſs Conolly, for whoſe ſake he will not quarrel about Lady Camira."

A ſong interrupted their diſcourſe, and at the concluſion of the concert Lord Claranbridge preſented Lady Camira to Lord Claſhmore, who took an opportunity of ſaying many things againſt her father's injuſtice, and had the audacity to propoſe her eloping with him, which ſhe dared not reſent as ſhe wiſhed for fear of enraging him, though ſhe firmly and reſolutely told him that no perſuaſions ſhould ever make her deviate from her duty, as a daughter, and entreated him to ſay no more on that ſubject unleſs he wiſhed her to leave the room: this ſilenced him, and they ſeparated for the night apparently cheerful and happy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

EARLY in the morning Lord Clashmore sent to desire De Rousillon would walk with him for half an hour: he complied with his request immediately, and when they met, Lord Clashmore apologised for sending to early, but said, that he had several things so say which required privacy. He led the way down the eastern garden, admiring many exotics, and conversing on various topics: when they entered the park, he went on silently

till they came to a thick grove of oaks, and then turning to Villiers, he ſaid,

"Now, my Lord, I inſiſt on your giving up all further pretenſions to Lady Camira Belville, or that you will chuſe one of theſe piſtols: if I fall ſhe is yours, but while I live no man ſhall dare to ſupplant me."

"And if I fall are you ſure of gaining the Lady?"

"That I ſhall know hereafter, at preſent ſhe pleads duty to her father, who commands her to give her hand to you; if I find that to be falſe, an artful prevarication to ſcreen her minion, her Delany, from my fury, by all my wrongs I will ſacrifice him at her feet."

"And will you then, my Lord, be more acceptable to Lady Camira? Can ſhe marry the murderer of her couſin? Or can Lord Clonwell receive as his ſon, the deſtroyer of his nephew? Your ungovernable paſſion,

my

my Lord, may render you miſerable, but can never promote your happineſs."

"Cool, deliberate coward, I came not here for a ſermon, but for *revenge*. Think not that I will be ſlighted for a ci devant Duke, a paltry emigrant: know young man, that if you were not nearly related to a peer of Ireland, I ſhould think my honor ſullied by thus levelling myſelf to one who is proſcribed by his own country, and an alien in this."

"Your pride, inſignificant Lord, ſhall be levelled to the duſt; yet, as you are my uncle's gueſt I will not fire firſt—I will defend my own life, I will not attack yours."

He took a piſtol, the diſtance was agreed on—Lord Claſhmore diſcharged his piſtol at the breaſt of De Rouſillon, when Louiſa, who had darted between them, received the contents in her's, and fell ſenſeleſs to the earth

before the aſtoniſhed Villiers had time to catch her; he haſtily fired his piſtol, and ſunk down by the lifeleſs form of his Louiſa. Her muſlin robe was crimſoned with the ſtream that flowed from her boſom; he ſickened at the ſight; his eyes grew dim, and uttering a deep groan, his agoniſed ſoul found relief in a ſtate of inſenſibility. Claſhmore, who was only wounded in the arm, no ſooner ſaw him fall, than he made a precipitate eſcape to his carriage, which was in waiting at a gate near the ſpot.

Poor little Dennis, who had been the gay companion of Louiſa's walk, ſtood immoveable; the balls of De Rouſillon ſeemed to whiz through his head as they paſſed to Claſhmore: ſeeing them both lie motionleſs, he concluded that they were dead, and ran towards the caſtle, the gates were luckily open, but the ſlopes appeared mountains to his

his little trembling legs. Too terrified to cry, too breathleſs to call for help, he continued his flight till ſtopped by Sir Dennis, whom his violent agitation had prevented him from ſeeing.

The affrighted father caught him in his arms pale and ſpeechleſs; his heart fluttered, he pointed to the park, and ſtrove to look what he was not able to ſpeak.

Sir Dennis and Lady Malone, accompanied by all who had left their apartments, ſet out to meet Miſs Conolly and Dennis; they had not gone far when they ſaw him running by himſelf, and his apparent terror alarmed them greatly; the tender ſoothings of paternal love ſoftened his mind, and horror gave way to grief; he wept, he ſobbed, and inarticulately ſaid,

"She will never, never walk with me again; ſhe is dead, papa; ſhe ran from me

circle, her Lord was no leſs anxious to pacify the turbulent ſpirit of Lord Claſhmore, that he might not interrupt it."

"I aſſure you my Lord," ſaid the Earl, "that I had not the leaſt intention to injure you when I complied with Lord Clonwell's propoſal for my nephew to marry Lady Camira, I own the union of our two families is perfectly agreeable to me, but if the Earl gave you a ſerious promiſe, he certainly ought to adhere to it."

"He did give me a ſerious promiſe, my Lord, and as the nuptials have not taken place, it is not too late to redreſs myſelf: before I leave Roſe-Mount I ſhall conſider what is the moſt honorable and effectual means to oblige Lord Clonwell to fulfil his agreement, written with his own hand, wherein he promiſes to give me Lady Camira in marriage with a fortune there ſtipulated,

if

if I will act as he wiſhes in regard to certain political affairs, which I do not think myſelf authoriſed to divulge."

"I wiſh you had ſettled this point with his Lordſhip before you had left Dublin, I am quite a ſtranger to the promiſe, he alone can redreſs you, therefore I beg, my Lord, that you will not diſturb the tranquillity of my family, neither does Mr. Delany deſerve cenſure for not diſobeying his uncle."

"The young man was impertinent, and I ſpoke haſtily, I did not reflect: in regard to ſettling the point before I left Dublin, it was what I fully intended, could I have ſeen Lord Clonwell, but he was out, or too ill to ſee any body, were the anſwers I received. I wrote, he did not reply. By heaven his age alone ſecured him, or I would have demanded ſatisfaction for ſuch uſage; but an old man, an infirm gouty fellow, is no match for Claſh-

The Doctor's calmneſs inſpired every one with fortitude to obey his directions with prudence and ſecrecy, while he hurried the ſhorteſt way to the park with Sir Dennis and Mr. Ponſonby.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

HOPE REVIVED.

WHEN they got to the Grove, De Rouſillon was kneeling by the ſide of Miſs Conolly, and endeavouring, with part of her robe, to ſtop the effuſion of blood; they were rejoiced to find him alive; though, while he bound up the wounds of Louiſa, he ſeemed to neglect his own.

"Do not alarm yourſelf, my dear Lord De Rouſillon, worſe appearances than theſe are not always dangerous."

"Oh!

"Oh! Doctor, she is gone. The fatal balls aimed at my breast are lodged in hers; survive I will not, I cannot."

"She lives, my Lord: are you able to arise and retire to a little distance with Sir Dennis and Mr. Ponsonby, while I examine the wound?"

"Leave her!—what—leave her!—That moment you take me from her is my last. No, no, no, my Louisa, I will never part from thee, one grave shall hold us, light of my life."

"My dear young friend, I must not suffer this: hear me, Miss Conolly is not dead; loss of blood has caused a temporary suspension of her faculties: recollect yourself, my Lord, and let me not be disturbed by your emotions, while I am exerting my skill to save her life: it is necessary for *me* to be quiet and collected if you wish *her* to live."

"If

"If I wiſh it! Doctor Delany?—Oh, you know I do. Can you ſave her? Is ſhe not gone for ever?"

"Believe me ſhe is not: I would not flatter you with falſe hopes: Percival is here, I conjure you to retire, my Lord; if I can extract the balls before ſhe is removed, it may inſure her ſafety."

Slowly and unwillingly he let Sir Dennis and Ponſonby lead him to a little diſtance, and then throwing himſelf upon the ground, he lay with his face to the earth: they ſtood ſilently by him, anxious for the fate of Louiſa; they had both loved her, and knew well how to pity De Rouſillon.

The Doctor found that the balls had entered juſt below the collar bone, and though they had occaſioned a great effuſion of blood, had not penetrated deep: he extracted them eaſily, and the pain reſtored her ſenſes; ſhe groaned

groaned, and looked expreſſively at the Doctor. When her wound was dreſſed, he poured a cordial into her mouth, which ſhe ſwallowed readily, and perfectly recovering her reaſon, ſaid faintly,

"You are very good, Doctor Delany: is the Duke De Rouſillon alive?"

"He is."

"Then my life is worth preſerving. Is he here? May I ſee him? A moment, only one moment?"

"When we have lifted you on that ſofa, and you are a little reſted, he ſhall come to you if he will reſtrain his raptures; we muſt be all calmneſs at preſent, Lady; agitations will not advance your cure."

"His voice will revive, not ruffle me; you know I have ſome fortitude."

"I do, Miſs Conolly, I do, and will confide in it; you ſhall ſee the Duke."

They

They laid her gently on the ſofa, and covered her with a counterpane that was brought with it. The Doctor then haſtened to De Rouſillon, who, ariſing quickly at the ſound of his voice, eagerly aſked,

"Does ſhe live? Will ſhe recover?"

"She lives! and the calmneſs of her diſpoſition will, I hope, preſerve her life; her wounds are not dangerous; you ſhall ſee her if you will be diſcreet, but firſt I muſt know from whence flows that blood."

"Not from myſelf, I have no external wounds; I wiſh I had. Oh! Louiſa, muſt you ſuffer, and for me! the thought diſtracts me."

"I have promiſed that ſhe ſhall ſee you; but diſtraction added to thoſe ſanguinary habiliments, will never do: if you will calm the one, I will prepare her for the other—follow me ſlowly, my Lord."

The Doctor then went to Louiſa, and ſaid, with a ſmile,

"The Duke De Rouſillon has, by leaning over you, Miſs Conolly, made himſelf a proper repreſentative for Banquo's ghoſt; you have too much ſenſe to be ſhocked at your own blood, when I give you my word that he is not wounded."

"I ſee him coming; he walks too well, thank God, for a wounded man."

She held out her hand to him, he kiſſed it fervently; ſhe preſſed his to her lips, ſaying,

"Do not grieve, my Villiers, I ſhall ſoon be well, I do not feel much pain, you are able to walk by my ſide. Oh! De Rouſillon, if you were lying here!—I am happy now."

"My Louiſa, I have only leave to ſee you while I can govern my emotions; you know my heart, and can gueſs what I am forbidden to expreſs."

Slowly

Slowly and gently the ſervants carried her up the eaſieſt aſcent, reſting frequently both on her account and their own; ſhe was near fainting ſeveral times, which greatly alarmed Villiers, though not the Doctor, who, as it was impoſſible to carry her to her chamber without the family hearing ſome buſtle, or perhaps meeting her, entreated Sir Dennis to go on firſt, to give Lord Claranbridge a circumſtantial account of the affair while they were ſlowly proceeding to the caſtle.

CHAP. XXI.

REMORSE.

SIR DENNIS did not forget that he had now an excellent opportunity to engage the Earl's conſent to the marriage of his nephew with Miſs Conolly, if ſhe ſhould live: After telling him all that he knew of the tranſaction, he proceeded.

"Doctor Delany ſays, my Lord, that from the difference of their heights, the balls, if they had not lodged in Louiſa's neck, would moſt likely have entered the heart of the Duke

Duke De Rouſillon, and then how you would have curſed your fatal promiſe to that changeable man, that ambitious father, to whoſe injuſtice your Villiers would have been ſacrificed."

"And ſhall I not now, Dennis, if that glorious girl dies who has preſerved him? Yes, yes, I myſelf have been too ambitious; yet I am not unfeeling, why was I proudly inconſiderate? But I am puniſhed—my pride is humbled: theſe children whom my ſoul doated on, I have tormented like a tyrant. Yeſterday I cruſhed Philippine to the earth, and he whom I had forbidden her to think of, came to her relief, reſtored her to me gay and blooming, and when I would have ſhewn my affection and gratitude, declared himſelf rich and titled—I felt mortified.

"To-day I placed my Villiers before the piſtol of Claſhmore; and Louiſa, whom in my

my paſſion I threatened to ſend from the caſtle, for her preſumptuous partiality to him, has ſaved his life: Bleſſed partiality! angelic Louiſa!"

"Bleſſed partiality ſay I too; for if ſhe had complied with our wiſhes, and married me, faith, my Lord, when Clara made her appearance I believe we ſhould all three have thrown ourſelves into the ocean to have avoided her."

"There again I had like to have cauſed a fine piece of miſchief, with my inſiſtings and my arguings."

"Will you ſee the faithful Louiſa, my Lord? they are bringing her into the houſe."

"Will ſhe not hate me?"

"Try her, my Lord, they have juſt ſtopped to reſt in the hall."

Lord Claranbridge leaning on the arm of Sir Dennis, went to bleſs her for ſaying De Rouſillon:

Rouſillon: ſhe had fainted, and he, pale as death, and apparently bleeding, ſtood gazing on her. Lord Claranbridge threw himſelf on his knees by the ſide of the ſofa, and exclaimed,

"She is dead then, and my poor boy has killed himſelf! Villiers, can you forgive me, ſpeak to your miſerable uncle?"

"Oh! my Lord, ſee there, ſhe will die: ſhe ſaved your Villiers, my uncle, but I cannot ſurvive the loſs of my Louiſa."

Sir Dennis, who found the Earl imagined that De Rouſillon had ſtabbed himſelf, cleared up the miſtake, and gave new life to his affectionate uncle. Louiſa revived, and ſeeing him ſo cloſe to her, ſaid,

"I give a great deal of trouble, my Lord, will you forgive me?"

"Rather will you forgive me, my darling

Louiſa, for expoſing this boy to the danger you preſerved him from?"

"Your intentions were for his good: I know your love for him—I know alſo that you always adviſed me to what you thought would make me happy: I have many obligations to you, my Lord; accept, while I am able to ſpeak, my moſt grateful thanks."

She kiſſed his hand affectionately: he leant his head on the ſofa, and ſobbed aloud. Doctor Delany was forced to interfere, and aſſured him, that Miſs Conolly would ſoon be well if ſhe was kept tranquil. He aroſe, and ſhe was carried to her chamber and put to bed by Madame Rondelle and Madelaine, for the grief that poor Norah was in rendered her incapable of aſſiſting.

Louiſa felt herſelf low to an extreme—the Doctor gave her a compoſing draught, and ordered the attendants to keep the room dark,

dark, and not to make the leaſt noiſe; when he went into her dreſſing-room, De Rouſillon, who had only been to change his cloaths, came in, and ſaid ſoftly,

"My dear Doctor, I muſt ſtay here; I exiſt but while I hear her breathe; ſitting to liſten at the chamber door cannot diſturb her."

"I will indulge you, we will ſtay here together and have ſome breakfaſt; you muſt take care of yourſelf for Louiſa's ſake; if you ſhould be ill, I cannot ſave her—at preſent ſhe is not in danger, but fretting will kill her."

"I will take care of myſelf if you will let me ſtay here night and day till my Louiſa is well: I ſhall hear her ſpeak to her attendants, and be bleſt, I can look at her ſome times. O, Doctor, do not tell me it is improper."

"We muſt endeavour to get over the impropriety ſome way or other."

The door gently opened, and in glided Lady Philippine: the meeting with her brother was ſad and tender; ſhe begged he would juſt ſhew himſelf to his aunt, who could not be eaſy till ſhe had ſeen that he was really ſafe—He went immediately; Lady Philippine ſtaid to make enquiries of Doctor Delany concerning her beloved Louiſa.

"And do you ſeriouſly, and upon your honor, my dear Sir, think that ſhe will recover?"

"I do moſt ſeriouſly."

"Then poor Lady Camira will be tranquillized a little; ſhe is in deſpair; her diſtreſs exceeds my brother's; even the tenderneſs of Auguſtus cannot ſoothe her; will you let her come and hear a little comfort from your lips?"

"Yes,

"Yes, if ſhe will be very quiet; tell her to ſpeak very low."

Lady Philippine left the room, and returned directly with Lady Camira, who went up to the Doctor, and graſping his hand, ſaid,

"I am the fatal cauſe of all this miſery; deceiving wretch that I am! yet, was it not to ſave our Auguſtus? but have I indeed killed her?"

The Doctor deſiring her to be very ſilent led her to the bed; there was juſt light ſufficient for her to ſee that Louiſa was in an eaſy ſleep; ſhe looked at her for a few minutes, and ſilently returning to the dreſſing-room, threw herſelf upon her knees, and claſping her hands, exclaimed,

"Oh! father of mercies, accept my fervent thanks for this bleſſing; ſpare her, Oh! ſpare her; puniſh me not, by her death, for

all the deceptions, the diſobedient prevarications that I have been guilty of; I knew not the evil they would bring upon my head: forgive me, gracious God, as for the future I openly avow the truth. Alas! while I was endeavouring to elude the wrath of an earthly parent, I have thoughtleſsly, not willfully, incurred thine."

She could ſay no more; ſhe leant her head on the chair while tears relieved her agonized mind: they indulged her ſorrow 'till Lady Philippine fearing that the ſight of Villiers might diſcompoſe her too much, perſuaded her to quit the room, which ſhe did, praying the Doctor to ſave her from the execrations of thoſe whoſe happineſs ſhe had deſtroyed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

THE UNEXPECTED REQUEST.

AFTER ſeveral hours reſt Louiſa awakened without the leaſt feveriſh ſymptom; her firſt queſtion was,

"How is the Duke? where is he?"

"In the next room:—My Lord you are inquired after, ſpeak for yourſelf."

"My dear Louiſa are you better?"

"Well in health, my De Rouſillon, my ſhoulder is not quite eaſy, it pains me when I

move my left arm, but I think it is needleſs to lie in bed for it."

"If you continue free from a fever per- perhaps I may give you leave to ſit up a little to-morrow; to-day you muſt reſt to recover your loſt ſtrength; you now ſtand in need of ſome refreſhment; I have ordered a little dinner for you, and am very happy to find that I can venture to let you eat it."

"May I ſit by you, my angel, while you dine?"

"I will anſwer yes for Miſs Conolly, ſhe will give you leave to cut up the chicken, and will perſuade you to eat a bit with her."

"Will you, my Lord, make me ſo happy? could not have aſked you to dine in my chamber, but if you can —"

"If, my Louiſa, you refuſe to let me eat with you, I will not touch a morſel: here I can enjoy my dinner."

Louiſa

Louiſa could only uſe her right hand: Villiers cut her chicken, and mixed her wine and water: no chicken ever eat ſo good, no wine and water ever drank ſo pleaſant.

The Doctor's ſcheme had the deſired effect; De Rouſillon eat becauſe Louiſa watched him, and ſaid, if he did not make a good dinner he muſt not dine in her apartment again: with the Doctor's permiſſion ſhe partook of a little deſert, and ſome fruit.

When they had finiſhed their repaſt, Lady Claranbridge ſent word, that if Miſs Conolly was able to bear a few minutes converſation, ſhe would come and ſit by her. Louiſa coloured, and looked at Villiers, as if ſhe feared the Counteſs would be diſpleaſed at finding him there; he gueſſed her fears, and ſaid,

"My aunt knows that I am here, my love, and comes to thank you for indulging me."

"Doctor Delany conducted her Ladyſhip to Louiſa; and ſaid to De Rouſillon,

"My Lord, if the ladies can ſpare you, Lord Claranbridge wiſhes for your company."

"Do go, my dear Villiers, your uncle has ſomething particular to ſay to you, and will return with you in a quarter of an hour to fetch me, and kiſs Louiſa's hand, if ſhe will admit him."

"I ſhall think myſelf honored."

"Lady Emily wiſhes to ſee you, Doctor, ſhe is better, and longs to viſit our Louiſa; but I would not let her come without your permiſſion."

"Is Lady Emily ill?"

"Only on your account, my love: ſhe and Camira had been walking, and when they returned were told by ſome of the ſervants, their own I believe, that the Duke and you were both killed, by Lord Claſhmore; and ey have been very much indiſpoſed ever ſince,

ſince, though they were ſoon convinced the report was falſe: Fitzroy's prudence ſaved Philippine, and myſelf from ſuch an alarm; and would his mother could he have found her.

"You have given us, my dear Louiſa, a very noble and ſerious proof of your attachment to De Rouſillon; yet, we are ſuch ſelfiſh people that we are not ſatisfied, we wiſh you to do more for him, my child, we wiſh you to preſerve and render happy the life which you have ſaved. Do not anſwer me now, hear me out: I am not talking to an affected ſimple girl, but to the ſenſible, ſincere Louiſa Conolly, who can nicely diſtinguiſh between propriety and falſe delicacy; Villiers, my love, will not reſt during your illneſs, in any apartment but yours; will you grant him that privilege, or will you hazard his health by a refuſal?"

"Was your Ladyſhip in my ſituation how would you act?"

"Give him immediately a huſband's right to ſay where he will be moſt eaſy; he ardently ſolicits that favor, through me; and Lord Claranbridge, Philippine, and myſelf, conjure you, for all our ſakes, to make him happy."

"Your Ladyſhip is ſincere in your requeſt at preſent, and if I thought my wound was mortal, I would not heſitate; to die the wife of my De Rouſillon would ſoften my laſt pangs: but can I live, and be in the opinion of Lord and Lady Claranbridge, a barrier to his pecuniary expectations, and a diſgrace to his high birth? Can I, who have hitherto been deemed unworthy of him, comply with the requeſt of the moment, and expoſe myſelf to the hazard of future reflections?"

"My

"My noble ſpirited girl you do not know either my Lord or myſelf; the woman we thought worthy Sir Dennis Malone, we ſhall eſteem equally worthy De Rouſillon. Recollect, my love, that we were never informed, either by Philippine or Villiers, of the real ſtate of their affections and engagements.—Lord Claranbridge certainly had his wiſhes for their aggrandizement, and adviſed them, as I believe every good uncle would, to accept of what he thought would be the beſt offers: they themſelves have nearly deſtroyed their happiueſs, from an over fear of his diſpleaſure; and as he was not made their confidant, neither they nor you ought to blame him; for however he may laugh at the romantic paſſion of boys and girls, he knows how to reſpect love founded on merit, and engagements ratified by judgment. Have I removed your ſcruples? Will you give me the

the ſatisfaction of being a ſucceſsful ambaſſadreſs? Say, my ſweet girl, have I removed thoſe delicate ſcruples?"

"Entirely, Madam; I will act as you think proper."

"Then, my love, if you have ſpirits to repeat your part of the ceremony, it ſhall be performed this evening; Norah's bed in the next room ſhall be prepared for Villiers, and ſhe ſhall have a couch in this to be near you, your dreſſing-room we muſt keep in order, for there the married man will receive our viſits, and when you are able to leave your bed, we ſhall make little parties to amuſe you."

Louiſa kiſſed the hand of the Counteſs, which was returned by an affectionate ſalute. Lord Claranbridge came in with Villiers, and going to her, ſaid eagerly,

"Wil-

"Will you be kind, my child, will you be generous, and ſhew that you have forgiven the diſtreſſed uncle, by bleſſing his nephew with your hand?"

De Rouſillon looked at her with anxious expectation; ſhe gave him her hand: Lord Claranbridge claſping theirs in his, moſt ſolemnly prayed for her ſpeedy recovery; adding,

"I ſhall have great faith in Doctor De Rouſillon, when we have got his diploma ſigned: and what do you think, Louiſa? our ſaucy Philippine, who refuſed to have Fitzroy to-day, when I wanted her, now ſays that if you conſent to take her brother, ſhe will be married in your room, at the ſame time, that you may keep your wedding days together."

"Oh! my Lord! if exceſs of kindneſs will cure me, I ſhall be well immediately: and

ſure it muſt have a good effect, what is more ſalutary than an eaſy mind?"

"I have brought you a little viſitor, Miſs Conolly," ſaid Doctor Delany, leading in Dennis, "this dear child, though he has got the better of his firſt terror, has wept inceſſantly at the conceit of your being dead: if he ſees you, and hears you ſpeak, I hope he will recover his cheerfulneſs."

"Come here, my dear little Dennis, and tell me that you forgive me for making you walk ſo terrific."

"You did not make me angry, Miſs Conolly, you only frightened me, but I am happy now, becauſe you can ſpeak; and Doctor Delany tells me that you are not very, very bad, he ſays you will ſoon be able to walk with me again; we will not go by ourſelves any more, for fear another wicked Lord ſhould ſhoot at the Duke De Rouſillon

and

and then you will run from me again, crying 'ſave him! ſave him!' and catch the balls in your own boſom for fear they hurt his; how he muſt love you for it."

"Will you play to me, my Dennis, on your harp, and help to cure me? your dear Mamma perhaps will have the goodneſs to ſit by you, I am rather ſleepy."

"Indulge it, Dennis ſhall lull you with ſome ſoft airs."

"And may I get up when I awake Doctor?"

"By no means, you would find yourſelf weaker than you think; but that is nothing, we can ſoon ſtrengthen you, as there is no fever to prevent us."

The harp was ſent for, and the ladies Malone and Philippine ſoon followed; Dennis was playing, and they ſpoke to Louiſa by their looks only. When they perceived that

ſhe

ſhe was aſleep, they withdrew gently, leaving Norah to watch by her.

"How happy I am," ſaid Lady Philippine, to ſee Louiſa ſo eaſy.

"She conceals her pain, my ſiſter."

"I know that ſhe can ſuffer in ſilence; ſhe has more philoſophy than I have."

"I hope, my dear Lady Philippine, that your philoſophy will never be put to ſuch a ſevere trial."

"And yet I almoſt envy her: I am ſure I could have done the ſame for Fitzroy, and for my brother too, I think."

"How prettily this ſiſter of mine diſtinguiſhes between her lover and her brother; did you mind Lady Malone? ſhe is *ſure*, and ſhe *thinks*. Well, Philippine, I will forgive you, for I am ſure that I love Louiſa better than myſelf, and I think no brother ever loved a ſiſter more than I do you."

"That

"That I know, my dear brother, but it is time to be honeſt to each other, when we are going to make a public confeſſion, that there are people in the world to whom we give a preference."

"Your uncle, my Lord, and Sir Dennis, have been examining the Park, and traced Lord Claſhmore's way by his blood a little beyond the South gate, where they ſuppoſe his chaiſe ſtood: his ſervants ſaid that he was going to Belville Park, but Lord Claranbridge thinks he could not reach ſo far wounded as he muſt be."

"I hope he will be taken care of, fooliſh hot-headed young man; his inflamable temper is enough to make a ſlight wound mortal. We will ſend to every houſe within ten miles, and if he can be removed, or is already near enough, Doctor Delany will take care of him."

"He

"He is not worth it—I wonder how you can ſpeak of him with temper."

"He did not deſign to hurt my Louiſa; and if he had, ſhe gentle and compaſſionate as ſhe is, would wiſh to cure the hand that wounded her: he ought not to be loſt for want of care, my ſiſter, and you hear that he could not go far."

"I will ſend Cecile to ſit with Norah, if you will come down and tell us altogether how you came to fight a duel with him; you may imagine that we are anxious to hear the particulars, and now while Louiſa's aſleep, you may come."

"Send Cecile and I will."

"That is a good dear brother."

CHAP. XXIII.

SACRED RIGHTS HASTILY PERFORMED.

WHEN Louiſa awakened, ſhe complained that her ſhoulder was very much tightened, the Doctor ventured to looſen the bandages and give her a little eaſe; ſhe found herſelf far more comfortable, and rejoiced in her ability to appear cheerful before Villiers, who ſoon came in: Norah made tea for them, and Louiſa felt herſelf greatly refreſhed before the company made their appearance, which they ſoon did with the four reſpectable clergymen, whoſe venerable looks gave dignity to

every

every thing that they performed; Lady Emily had quitted her chamber, and the whole party were aſſembled.

Never was a marriage ceremony ſo awefully, ſo devoutly attended to. The pale though beautiful Louiſa lifted up her fine eyes, beaming ſenſibility, to implore pardon for the irreverent poſture, the Doctor dared not allow her to quit; and the tears of De Rouſillon fell upon her white trembling hand, while he held the ring upon her finger.

The ſacred vows, the devout prayers, ſo ſolemnly made, ſo fervently addreſſed, awakened devotion in every heart, and and the ſtill doubtful ſituation of Louiſa called the tears in every eye, particularly when Mr. Parnell gave them a divine thankſgiving for the Duke's eſcape from death, and a pathetic petition for the recovery of her, who was the

means

means of preſerving him: this prayer was quite unexpected but moſt acceptable.

Louiſa was calm and collected, ſhe ſpoke low but diſtinctly where it was neceſſary for her to be heard, and ſilently joined in every other part; ſhe never more ardently prayed for her life and health, yet her ardour was corrected by a perfect and humble reſignation to the divine will.

The Marchioneſs, who never heard the marriage ceremony performed without recalling that which doomed herſelf to miſery, now ſhivered with horror, and was ſo extremely oppreſſed, that the funeral bell tolling for Louiſa, could ſcarce have affected her more.

Lady Camira, whoſe imagination was impreſſed with a dread of her dying, ſtood in trembling expectation of that aweful finis which

which ſhe thought muſt inevitably deſtroy her own reaſon, if not her life.

Lady Philippine and Fitzroy almoſt forgot their own happineſs, and were themſelves forgot; the joy their nuptials ought to have inſpired, was gloomed by the grief every one felt for Louiſa and De Rouſillon. Doctor Delany apologiſed to the company for requeſting they would decline all compliments till the next day; Lord and Lady Claranbridge and Lady Fitzroy, he ſaid, as near relations, he muſt indulge with a very few words, and a kiſs to each of them.

The Earl ſaid,

"I am very glad that you will allow us that privilege, Doctor, for I could not leave the room contentedly without a kiſs of my dear niece, my ſecond dear and amiable Ducheſs De Rouſillon; it is now an empty title, my love, in itſelf, but I ſhall take care that

Villiers

Villiers ſhall have enough to ſupport it with dignity, and both Lady Claranbridge and myſelf wiſh him to retain it while he lives, for the ſake of her brother and my ſiſter; his ſon muſt drop it, and take mine. May heaven preſerve you, my Louiſa, to bleſs your Villiers with that ſon, and as many more ſons and daughters as you pleaſe, we ſhall find love enough for them all."

When all the company had left the room except Villiers and Doctor Delany, the latter ſaid,

"My dear Lady, you are quite exhauſted, you muſt now compoſe yourſelf; a medicine is all the ſupper I can permit you to have to night; it is abſolutely neceſſary for you to take that to forward your reſtoration."

"I do feel myſelf a little fatigued, and think if Norah will ſit in my dreſſing-room and keep the light there, that I ſhall ſleep

well, if you, my own De Rouſillon will ſup with your family; make our ſiſter and her Fitzroy happy by your preſence: I ſhall not reſt eaſy if you refuſe my firſt requeſt."

"You ſhall command me, my beloved wife, my own Louiſa; I will go down if you deſire it, and give my family this affectionate proof of your attention to them: for a little while then, my ſweet love, I leave you; I ſhall return ſoon and watch my treaſure."

The company of De Rouſillon enlivened them all, even Lady Camira was relieved from deſpair; ſhe thought if the Duke and Doctor Delany ventured to leave Louiſa and ſup below ſtairs, that ſhe muſt be better, and the voice of Auguſtus was again liſtened to with pleaſure: the evening was not gay, neither was it ſad; and when Villiers paſſed to his new chamber, he had the ſatisfaction to hear that his Louiſa was ſtill aſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

DULCE DOMUM.

IN three days Doctor Delany pronounced his fair patient to be in as perfect a ſtate of convaleſcence as the time would permit; ſhe was able to ſit up for hours in her dreſſing-room, and though ſhe was obliged to keep her arm in a ſling, there was not the leaſt doubt of her having the free uſe of it when the wound was healed.

The party were aſſembled to take their tea with Louiſa, when Dennis entered with little

Carty, and it was hard to ſay which was the moſt beautiful, or fineſt proportioned child. The Earl ſaid, taking him to the Ducheſs De Rouſillon,

"Honeſt Carty longs to pay his reſpects to you, my dear niece: I ſent poor James to fetch the little man yeſterday, but though Dennis has been doing all he can to amuſe him, he does not ſeem happy, and I ſent for him partly to divert James, who ſince your accident has been inconſolable."

"It is a long time ſince I have ſeen you, my old friend Carty."

"Yes, and ſo it is, Miſs Louiſa; poor little Carty thought he ſhould never be after ſeeing you at all, at all: firſt, you know the wicked people kilt Lady Philpin's brother, and mammy ſaid you would die for him; and then my own ſelf found him for you, when he looked like a poor lame crater, and carried a

dirty dog-ſkin at his back. Oh! I remember well upon it, how we plucked the water-graſs together."

"So we did, my honeſt friend."

"But why, Miſs Louiſa's Lord, did you let the bad men carry her a far way off after I had found you for her?"

"He was not with me, my dear; I was at Conolly Park and the Duke was here."

"And where was you, Duke, when the man hurt her poor poor arm?"

"Now," ſaid De Rouſillon apart, "I will try his ſpirit—I was cloſe by her, Carty."

"Then I don't like you.

"What could I do, Carty, ſhe ran before me, it was not my fault."

"Yes it was: if I was as big as you, and ſhe ran before me, I would hold her faſt with one hand, and kill the wicked man with the

other. I would kill every body that was going to hurt her."

"Is he not a brave boy, papa?"

"Yes, very brave, my Dennis; I will make a ſoldier of him."

"Aren't I made already? God made little Carty, and gave him to his own good daddy and mammy: and did you believe I was a fool now, to think that you could be after making me over again? No, no, you can't do that, for all ſo big as you are, my little croney's papa."

"I mean, Carty, that I will give you a gun and a ſword to kill our enemies."

"I don't know what are enemies; they never come to our cabin in Dunnorling Vale; they can't find it: I wiſh Carty was there. Come, Miſs Louiſa, and bide along with us in our pretty cabin; daddy will knock all the wicked men down, and not let them hurt mammy's

mammy's own Louiſa. But they can't ſee it, they can only ſee ugly, big, big houſes, like this: Do come and fetch ſiſter Doraty, and Jonaton, and aunt Norah, and your own foſter-brother James, and little Carty along with you; never heed the Lords, don't love them at all; nor the big houſe, with all the dead people about and about; they don't pleaſe me, I want to be tould who was it came and kilt them all: it was not the ſmall pox, becauſe they are not ſpotted like my own poor Luke; but Mammy did not put him up in our cabin, nor in our garden, he was put into the church-yard, a far way off, and the prieſt prayed that he might grow an angel there and fly to heaven. Will you come? do, my pratty little croney, and live with little Carty in his cabin; it is very low, Daddy put it at the bottom of the hill, that no wicked people ſhall find it; they never

come there and carry away Sufey, nor make Mammy have a bad arm; Daddy would ſee them come in at our one little door, and beat them away: but nobody can ſee a great many big doors at once, ſo they can come in here. Do come with me, and we will run about our green fields and pluck blackberries and pretty flowers; and the good cow, Dromondoo, will give us warm milk to drink with our nice 'tatees; and the good hen will make eggs for us, and we will not wear brogues to hurt our poor little feet; we'll ſleep together ſo happy in our clean ſtraw, I hope the ſmall-pox won't fetch you away from me; but if it ſhould, my pretty croney, Mammy will not keep you, ſhe will let you go to be an angel with God Almighty, becauſe we are not Lords in a big houſe."

"Upon my word," ſaid the Earl, "little Carty ſeems to exalt himſelf above us Lords in

in the big houſe, and makes his humble cabin the abode of ſafety and happineſs."

"He deſpiſes me for a coward not able to protect my wife, who appears to him ſurrounded by dangers. I'll try him once more. Come here Ponſonby. — This, Carty, was the gentleman who took Miſs Louiſa from the wicked men, and brought her home ſafe; and he ſaved this lady's life when her horſe was going to throw her down a frightful place."

"Carty will love you though you are a Lord—Are you a Lord?"

"No, my dear boy, I have not that honor."

"O then you live in a cabin, like Daddy, and that makes you good."

"Carty has awakened fears in my breaſt, Clara, about the ſmall-pox; is Dennis ſafe?"

"Yes; he was inoculated when an infant."

"Forgive me for doubting your care, my love. Well, Dennis, will you go and live with Carty, in his cabin?"

"No, Papa, I cannot leave Mamma and you: I ſhould like him to live with me; but his father and mother is in the cabin, no wonder he wiſhes to go to them: beſides he diſlikes every thing he ſees; the ſtatues, pictures, and the armour in the black hall. You know I was afraid of the Knights till you told me about them; now I do not fear: and the Neptune caſcade he is afraid of."

"But Carty does not cry, pretty little boy, he is only afraid—there is nothing to make you afraid at my Dunnorling Vale: no frightful man makes horſes prance in my clear river, and Daddy never goes into it with the great hay fork to toſs the water about like a fool, he only takes up the ſweet new hay with his fork, and puts it in the cart to bring it home

home, and then makes a big ſtack with it. That's doing good, you know, and no people ſtare at me through my clean white walls and won't ſpeak to me; only but ſhadows dance upon them; and I love my ſhadows, becauſe when I jump they jump; but your fine ſhadows won't ſtir—I hope they will never come and ſtare through my walls."

"I am ſorry, Carty, that you find ſo little pleaſure at Roſe-Mount; how do you like your poney? you are not afraid of him I hope."

"Did you give him to me, my Lord, for good and all? and may I ride home a top of him, and put him in the ſtable, with Daddy's Spot?"

"You may, Carty."

"Then I do like him, and I like you too, good-natured Lord, becauſe you will let me

take the poney home to my own warm little ſtable, where he will bide ſo comfortable."

"O Dulce Domum! Whether it is a palace or a cot, parental affection is the tie that binds the youthful heart to home."

"And in general, my Lord," ſaid Lady Malone, "children in a lowly ſphere of life enjoy more domeſtic comfort, more parental care, than thoſe in higher; to a poor child the parents are every thing: his nurſes, his attendants, his playfellows; the mother never leaves him, and the firſt flutter of joy his ſoul is ſenſible of, is at the welcome ſtep and voice of his father; he ſprings forward to meet him, ſtroaks his face, and utters a ſoft endearing language of his own, before he can articulate words. In my walks to the neighbouring cottages, I have ſeen this with painful, I hope not with envious, tears; but I ſeverely felt the deprivation of a bliſs I ſaw

others

others enjoy, and wept over my child, my (as I then thought) fatherleſs child."

"Do not cry now, Mamma, we have found my own Papa; he is here; we ſhall never loſe him again. Will you come and run about, Carty?"

"But if you ſhould be after loſing me, you will never find little Carty again, as you did your own big Papa; let us bide with Miſs Louiſa and Lady Philpin, and all theſe live people, till James fetches me back a top of my little poney, home to Daddy and Mammy."

"You ſhall go back to-morrow morning, I will not keep you here to be unhappy."

"It is too ſoon indeed, my Lord, to take him from his mother; I can feel for her: I ſhould not like to part with my Dennis."

"But they have ſo many."

"I

"I do not think that can leſſen the regard for each individual."

"Norah," ſaid Louiſa, "ſhall take you to your brothers and ſiſter; you will fancy yourſelf in Dunnorling Vale when you are with them."

"Farewell, my little philoſopher."

"I am Carty, not a philſopher, Miſs Louiſa's Lord."

"Will you not ſhake hands with me?"

"No; becauſe you let the wicked man hurt Miſs Louiſa, and did not knock him down and kill him for it."

"I did ſhoot him, Carty, will that make you my friend?"

"Did he, Miſs Louiſa?"

"Yes, my little dear."

"O then I will love you very dearly, I'll love you for ever and ever."

"I

"I am very glad we part friends, my honeſt Carty."

When he was gone out of the room, Lord Claranbridge ſaid,

"Will you let O'Donnel and his family reſide at Conolly Houſe for a little while, my dear neice?"

"Certainly, my Lord."

"I deſign to build him a commodious farm-houſe, on the ſpot where his cabin ſtands; the ground about it is very fertile, and with proper aſſiſtants will produce valuable crops; he ſhall have a plentiful ſtock, and be enabled to bring up his family in a reſpectable manner. James, if it is agreeable to you, ſhall be inſtructed by my ſteward, to manage the Conolly eſtate, which will admit of great improvement; and its vicinity to Roſtrevor's will always render it an agreeable occaſional reſidence. My worthy O'Flaherty

Flaherty tells me that he has long loved your good Norah, they mean, I find to follow the example of Rondelle and his wife, and keep their places, therefore we muſt make them happy with us. O'Flaherty is teaching Jonathan to be an expert butler, ſo he is to quit his livery, and Dorathy cannot be better provided for while ſhe is ſingle, than to continue with Lady Fitzroy. Thus I mean to ſhew my gratitude to the O'Donnels for their kindneſs to De Rouſillon, and their faithful attachment to you."

CHAP. XXV.

THE DISTRESSED FATHER.

LADY CAMIRA, who was ſtanding at a window, ſaid,

"There is a carriage, my Lord, coming up the road which looks very much like my father's, but the ſervants are in deep mourning; ſure it cannot,—yes,—it is, it is—Oh! Auguſtus, what can it mean?—Is my father dead?"

"Mr. Delany and I will go and ſee who it is," ſaid Lord Fitzroy, "you cannot at this diſtance

diſtance diſtinguiſh the arms, my dear Lady Camira; therefore why alarm yourſelf? Do you, my love, take her Ladyſhip into another room where by ſeeing it nearer ſhe may be relieved from her fears."

Lady Fitzroy knew he feared that the emotions of Camira ſhould affect Louiſa. She left the room with her, but would not enter any other where ſhe thought they ſhould ſee the carriage, wiſhing firſt to be informed to whom it belonged, and the cauſe of that ſable appearance.

As Fitzroy and Auguſtus approached towards it they ſaw Lord Clonwell helped out of it by two ſervants; he was in the deepeſt mourning, his hair without powder, and his pale face expreſſive of the moſt poignant woe; he hung an arm over each of the men and moved heavily along.

Auguſtus

Auguſtus, who loved him ſincerely, was ſhocked at his melancholy appearance, and met him with a face as ſad as his own. Lord Clonwell letting go his ſervants, threw himſelf on the neck of his nephew, ſaying,

"Oh! my boy, my injured boy—miſerable wretches that we are, we can only mingle our tears over her breathleſs corſe.—— Camira, lovely Camira! darling girl! it was thy unnatural father who ſlew thee.—My gentle, my obedient child, I ſhall ſoon follow thee; you will not long be ſhocked at the ſight of your cruel uncle, my Auguſtus. Oh! could I now call back time,—but it is impoſſible."

Delany oppreſſed with the weight of his uncle, and aſtoniſhed beyond expreſſion at his words, ſtood immoveable. Fitzroy gently taking one arm from the ſhoulder of Auguſtus, and placing it upon his own, ſaid,

"Give

"Give me leave to aſſiſt you, my Lord: Did you not receive a letter from Lord Claranbridge before you left Dublin?"

"Yes, I have it in my pocket, I could not take courage to break the ſeal, one dreadful letter was enough for me."

"And have you not opened my uncle's letter?"

"Who is your uncle, young man?"

"Lord Claranbridge."

Lord Clonwell turned haſtily to look at him; then, with a ſigh of diſappointment, ſaid,

"Why will you deceive me? he had but one nephew, and he is with my daughter."

When they entered the houſe he ſunk into the firſt chair, ſaying,

"Let me ſee my old friend, my miſerable fellow ſufferer; let us indulge in mutual ſorrow."

He

He leant his head on a table that ſtood by him and ſeemed abſorbed in grief. Fitzroy whiſpered to Delany,

"Prevent Lady Camira from appearing ſuddenly before her father, who, by ſome falſe report, has been made to believe that both ſhe and the Duke are dead; I will prepare him the while for the happy reverſe."

"Take courage, my Lord, open the letter, you will find comfort in it."

"Young man I am—no, no, I *was* a father: Lord Claranbridge may attempt to conſole me, by preaching patience and reſignation, but he never knew a father's feelings. I opened that,—read it, and talk no more of comfort."

Saying this he gave Fitzroy a letter, who, from the unſteadineſs of the hand by which it was written had great difficulty to make out the following words.

"Curſe

"Curſe yourſelf, unfortunate man, and curſe me, who have made you childleſs, who have puniſhed your vile deceit, and cruſhed your proud ambition.

"Now beg the deſpiſed Delany to accept the titles and the riches for which you have no other heir, and aſk him if they will compenſate his wrongs,—mine I have revenged.

"Yes, Clonwell, your only child, and him whom you preferred to Claſhmore, I have left breathleſs at Roſe-Mount, that deed my right arm, now uſeleſs for ever, has performed, and I will not regret the loſs of it—I write with my left, it was for me alone to communicate ſuch tidings.

"You refuſed to ſee me, you neglected my letters,

letters, and this, this conveys to your boſom the threatened vengeance of the inſulted

CLASHMORE."

"Cork-Harbour, on board a veſſel under ſail for Liſbon.

"This is not a forgery, nor did the writer mean to deceive you; I believe he thinks as he writes; he thinks he ſhot Lady Camira."

"And did he not?"

Eagerly aſked the Earl, lifting up his head and looking earneſtly at Fitzroy, as he repeated,

"And did he not?"

"No, my Lord, it was Miſs Conolly."

"Poor Louiſa!—but you had not a father: And my Camira lives! Are you ſure? Do you know Camira Belville?"

"Certainly

"Certainly I do, my Lord; have you forgot Fitzroy?"

"I recollect you, my boy; I thought that you were in England?"

"I am juſt returned."

"Tell me, does the Duke De Rouſillon live?"

"Yes, my Lord, Louiſa ſaved his life and nearly loſt her own. When you have ſeen Lady Camira, you ſhall hear all the particulars."

Delany and Camira who had been waiting at the door, now came in, Auguſtus preſented her to Lord Clonwell, whoſe rapture expreſſed the feelings of a paternal heart, raiſed from deſpair to perfect joy; while Lady Camira was nearly overcome by a tenderneſs ſhe had never before experienced. When the Earl had ſaid all that nature could dictate

tate to his daughter, he aſked Fitzroy why he called Lord Claranbridge uncle?

"I have the honor to be his nephew, my Lord, by marriage with the Lady Philippine."

"So, ſo—with Philippine! I am ſurpriſed! I thought the Earl had other views for his neice?"

"He was ſo indulgent to me as to relinquiſh them: I had long loved Lady Philippine, and he took compaſſion on me."

"Very well:—then be witneſs, Fitzroy, to my determination. Tell me honeſtly, Camira, do you love Auguſtus better than any man that I have propoſed for you ſince the death of your brother?"

"Oh! my father, you once approved of my attachment to him, dare I own it to you again? I do love him!—once more, my dear father ſanctify that love by your approbation."

"How have I execrated myſelf for retracting that approbation!—how have I vowed, that if it was poſſible for you to be reſtored to me again, that I would never controul your inclinations. Heaven took pity on me, it has not puniſhed me as I deſerved, and thus I perform my vows:—Take her, Auguſtus, ſhe is yours and only yours. Now I ſhall ſleep in peace, my child lives, and I have at laſt done juſtice.

"I am quite exhauſted with fatigue, my children, make my apology to Lord and Lady Claranbridge, I muſt retire, excuſe me. Let me ſee your uncle, Auguſtus, he will think of a reſtorative for me perhaps; exceſs of grief and travelling without reſt, for I would not ſtop at Belville Park, has almoſt worn me out.

CHAP. XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

THE happineſs of Lady Camira and Delany was communicated to all their friends, who were ſincerely rejoiced that their conſtancy and duty were at laſt rewarded.

Lord Belair took his ſiſter, the Marchioneſs, and Ponſonby, to Rock-Grove, where they ſtaid for ſome days, and were happy in the ſociety of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. Ponſonby took leave of his old companions,

whom he found generous enough to be heartily glad of his good fortune, and of Miſs Conolly's, whom they ſaid was bleſt for her lenity to them: they accepted with gratitude a handſome gratuity, ſent them by the Duke De Rouſillon, for the aſſiſtance they had given in reſcuing Louiſa; but when Ponſonby preſented them with an hundred pounds each, they unanimouſly refuſed, ſaying,

"No, my dear boy, we have enough; there are many poor rogues in the world, who, like us, will grow honeſt, if liberal hearts and liberal hands will ſhew them the way; you have both: You have felt diſtreſs; you have been guilty; you always could pity,—you now can ſave: go, my boy, and never forget in the midſt of your proſperity, that it was Miſs Conolly and Mr. Freeman who ſaved us all—follow their example, we will do the ſame to the extent of our power, and not only

only relieve, but reclaim: human nature is not ſo depraved as to prefer evil to good: led gently, it is a lamb,—trampled upon, a tyger feelingly alive to vengance: we know that by experience, and ought to judge of others by ourſelves."

"Your leſſon, my dear friend, ſhall be impreſſed on my memory, ſo ſhall your faithful friendſhip; write to me frequently, and if you do not like ſtaying abroad, return and be aſſured that you ſhall every one find a ſincere friend in Ponſonby."

Their parting was affectionate; he ſaw them ſet ſail for America, and fervently prayed for their ſafety and happineſs.

Lord Belair and his party took Mr. and Mrs Freeman back with them to Roſe-Mount Caſtle, where they had the pleaſure to find the Ducheſs De Rouſillon able to go out airing, and to walk in the garden.

The marriages of Lady Camira with Mr. Delany, and of Miſs Forteſcue with Mr. Ponſonby, were ſolemnized ſoon after their return to Roſe-Mount; and Lord Belair was not without hopes that his ſincere love and continued aſſiduities would conquer, in a little time, the Marchioneſs Delatourelle's diſlike to a ſecond marriage.

Lord Bendwall, though a little diſappointed, did not think proper to ſhew any reſentment, as it was greatly to his political intereſt to keep upon good terms with the Lords Roſtrevor and Fitzroy.

Sir Lucius Amorville, gay, eaſy, and indifferent, came to Roſe-Mount to pay his compliments on all the marriages, and ſaid in his uſual ſtile,

"Upon my ſoul I ſhould have been curſedly piqued if your Ladyſhip had preferred any man upon earth except Lord Fitzroy to myſelf:

myſelf: now as you have choſen the handſomeſt fellow in Ireland, do me the favor to keep him ſafe, leſt he ſhould rival me elſewhere; and I think if any wife has power to keep a huſband conſtant it is Lady Fitzroy: however, leſt you ſhould be too vain, I muſt tell you a piece of mortifying news: Sir Roderic O'Connor inſtead of wearing the willow for your inconſtancy, is mourning in ſackcloth and aſhes for his own folly;—he has been completely duped by an artful adventurer, who being perfectly miſtreſs of the technical terms of heraldry, ſo humoured his taſte in that, and by diſplaying an oſtentatious paſſion for tawdry grandeur, ſimilar to his own, and a pedigree as long, if not quite ſo correct, impoſed upon him effectually; and he, without the leaſt conſideration, gave her an immediate right to join the arms ſhe could ſo ſkilfully blazon with his own; and he did

not find out, 'till too late, that ſhe had only aſſumed for the occaſion, an eſcutcheon of pretence, to which ſhe had not the leaſt claim; was deeply in debt, and her character well known in the gay world for libertiniſm, gaming, and extravagance. Aſhamed of his choice, he has hurried her to an old caſtle, at the extremity of the northern part of Ireland, determining to make it her priſon for life; but I fancy her art will ſoon liberate her."

"And now I hope," ſaid Lady Fitzroy, "that he will make a conſpicuous finiſh of his genealogical tree, by his own beautiful portrait, with a fool's cap and bells."

The amuſements, which had met with a long interruption, were recommenced, the ancient feſtival again graced the weſtern hall, and Sir Dennis his crimſon plumed helmet, who had now his ſon for a page; Ponſonby chaunted

chaunted his ſonnets as the humble minſtrel and his Eliza liſtened with rapture.

"In the northern department of the caſtle Lady Claranbridge repreſented Queen Elizabeth; Lady Emily, Mary Queen of Scots; Philippine and Fitzroy were habited like Matilda and Lord Leiceſter, when they firſt met; Louiſa choſe the ſimple dreſs of Eleanor, diſguiſed as a ſinging girl; Villiers was the Eſſex; and Camira dreſſed herſelf exactly like Mary, when adorned by her mother to appear in the court of her uncle. Lady Fitzroy ſaid ſhe thought they were greatly obliged to the author of the Receſs,* for ſuch an intereſting group; every one choſe ſome diſtinguiſhed character of that period, and the drawing-room of Elizabeth was never better graced than the northern hall of Roſe-Mount Caſtle.

Nor

* A pathetic Novel, by Miſs Lee.

Nor was the court of Charles the Second more ſplendid than its repreſentation. Sir Lucius Amorville, with the help of a dark wig, perſonified that libertine King, and was ſurrounded by courtiers as witty, and females as lovely; with this addition, the wit was corrected by decency and good ſenſe, and the beauty adorned by all the charms of innate virtue.

In the modern front was diſplayed all the gay variety of a maſquerade, after the uſual mode. De Rouſillon, as Edward the Firſt, boaſted of a ſecond Eleanor, in his beloved Louiſa, who, he ſaid, equalled that excellent wife in fortitude and affection. Lady Fitzroy was the very Roxalana of Marmontel,—her Lord, an elegant Solyman.

Sir Dennis, Lady Malone, their ſon, and Lord Claranbridge, were Ferdinand, Miranda, Ariel, and Proſpero.

Lady

Lady Camira, Delany, and Lord Clonwell, were Roſalind, Orlando, and Jaques.

The ladies Claranbridge and Emily repreſented the Merry Wives of Windſor, and Doctor Delany a humourous Falſtaff; Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Baucis and Philemon; Sir Lucius Amorville was Comus; Lord Belair an elegant Mercury, his ſiſter in the ſimple habit of Daphne, from Midas, looked very lovely; while her Ponſonby was a ſplendid Apollo, a character he aſſumed at the earneſt requeſt of Lord and Lady Claranbridge; his dreſs was the fancy of Lord Belair; over a cloſe habit of gold tiſſue flew a drapery of ſilver gauze, very luſtrous; his laurel was green foil, from behind which iſſued a radiance of ſpun glaſs, that had a beautiful effect.

The Marchioneſs was Thalia; and never was the Comic Muſe more exactly perſonified; her wanton ringlets were careleſsly in-

tertwined with variegated flowers; her robe of French Perſian, azure ſhot with pink, was juſt ſhort enough to diſcover her ſilver ſandals, and had a deep fringe at the bottom and another above the knees, of ſilver, and was confined around the waiſt by a cord, and taſſels of the ſame; a looſe train of clear gauze flew lightly behind, faſtened on the right ſhoulder by a belt of flowers, which met it under the left arm; in one hand ſhe held her maſk, in the other a crook, fancifully decorated with flowers: her looks, her attitudes, her whole appearance ſeemed to inſpire mirth, and having, by the aſſiſtance of Mercury aſſembled the company around her, ſhe moſt agreeably ſurpriſed them by ſinging the following words, accompanied by the lyre of Apollo.

THE

THE SONG OF THALIA.

RECITATIVE.

APOLLO ſtruck his golden lyre,
He bid me try my magic ſkill,
And make the gloomy fiends retire,
Who ſadden'd Roſe-Mount's verdant hill.

AIR.

Deck'd with celeſtial flow'rets gay,
This crook has chac'd them far away,
Thrice I wav'd the potent ſpell,
Thrice bound them in a dreary cell
With adamantine chain,
For ever to remain;
While peace, and love, and joy, are ſeen
Gaily dancing on the green.
Queen of mirth and comic glee,
Health and Pleaſure follow me.

Gayeſt of all the tuneful nine,
To cheer the heart is ever mine;

Call

"[illegible] wonder h[illegible] [illegible]."

"[illegible] my [illegible] gentle and compassio[illegible] hand [illegible] to be l[illegible] and you bear t[illegible]"

"[illegible] with No[illegible] us alto[illegible] with him[illegible] we are anxious to he[illegible] while Louisa's [illegible]"

"[illegible]."

"[illegible] brother."

CH[illegible]

Call rapture to the ſparkling eye,
Bid ſmiling loves in dimples lie;
Solace the peaſant's toil,
Old age of pain beguile;
Then hither come, ye ſplendid throng,
Hear my ſoul enlivening ſong;
Grace Thalia's jocund court,
Laugh with her at *Falſe Report*.

FINIS.

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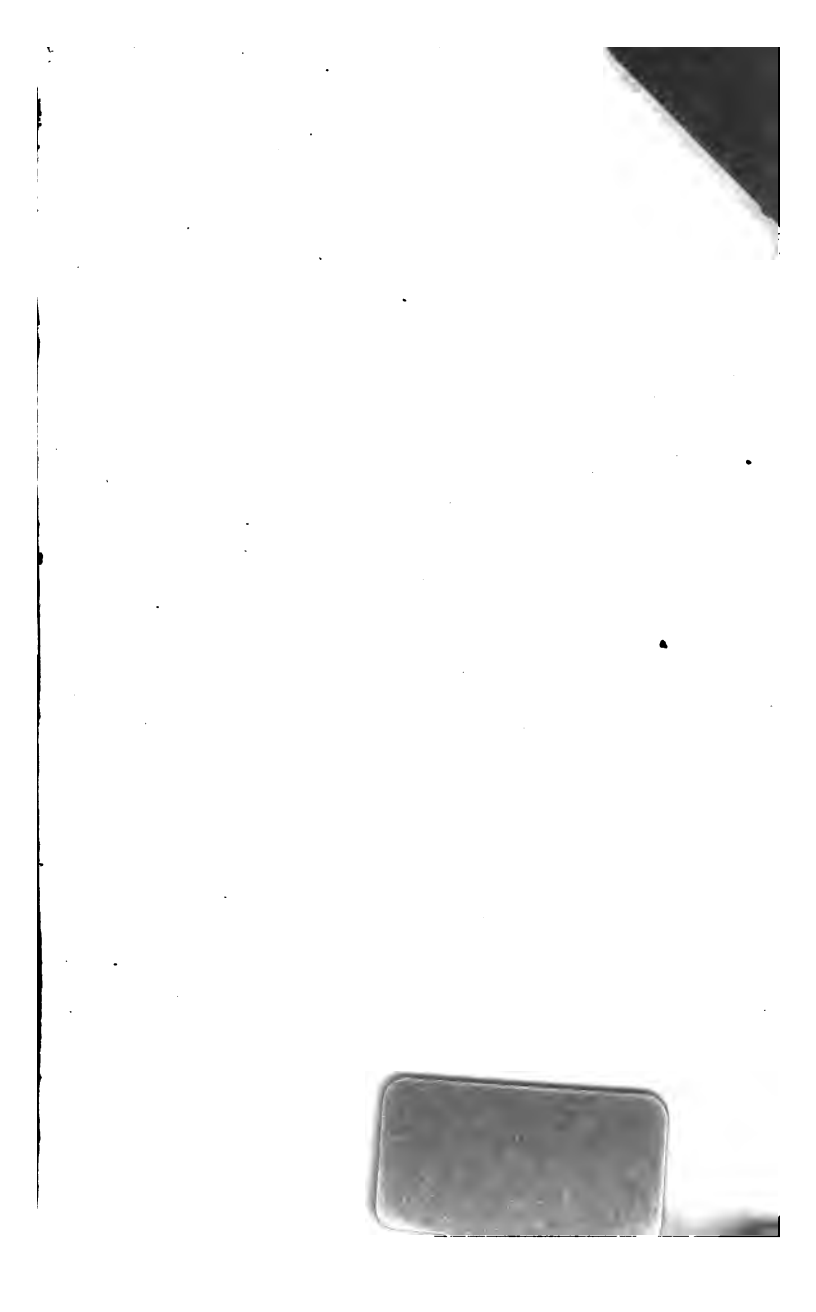
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